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THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
JULY, 1774.

The SCRIBBLE R, Number VIII.

AMBITION thus makes WRITERS of us all.

PARODY OF HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

FOR dare th' immortal Gods my
rage oppose.----Such was the
conclusion of an harangue,
worked up by the enthusiastic
brain of a tragic poetess, ex-
pressive of that height to which the
ambition of her Hero aspired; and what she
has there applied to his situation, may not,
I think, be improperly adapted to that of
a modern Poet.

There is scarcely a wretch upon the
face of the earth, but who, in some degree
or other, thinks himself qualified to be a
Poet; and there are few, who bear that
name, but are the slaves of wild, extra-
vagant ambition. Imagining that Nature
has given them abilities for writing poe-
try, they seize the pen on every occasion,
and without having any good end in view,
they rhyme away their time and senses to no
manner of purpose. Their minds are too
much buried on *sublimer* matters, to be at-
tentive to their business or their families,
and while they are soaring, in idea, to the
utmost height of importance, they sink, in
reality, into poverty, contempt, and wretch-
edness.

I was sitting one day at my bookeller's,
(where I often go to pass a leisure hour)
when a young man, dressed in black, came
into the shop, and enquired for Mr. Folio.
From the shabbiness of his appearance, I
judged him to have come on a charitable
errand; and when he begg'd Mr. Folio to
retire with him to another room, that he
might communicate his business, I felt for

his distress, not doubting but he was un-
der some very great misfortune, destitute
of support, yet ashamed to ask a public char-
ity. I was the more confirmed in this op-
inion, by the humility of the man, and a
something genteel in his appearance,
which told me he had once seen better days.

I must own I had a great curiosity to be
rightly informed in this matter, and there-
fore waited till his business with Mr. Folio
was concluded.---It was not long before
the young man returned, but with visible
marks of dissatisfaction in his countenance.
---What, thought I, is it then possible, that
my friend Folio should hear the complaints
of indigence, and yet refuse to mitigate its
sorrows?---Can a Bookseller, whose very
life is spent in reading over the works of
eminently-virtuous men, be himself so void
of that most pleasing virtue, which delights
in doing good?---For shame! said I---
and was going from the shop in quest of
the poor fellow, when Mr. Folio desired me
to step into his parlour.

I went---though not without some re-
luctance; and as soon as he had shut the
parlour door, I asked him of the person he
had been conferring with.

"That (replied he) is a poor writer;---
a fellow that has had the misfortune of a tolerable
good education, without any conduct.
The *cacoethes scribendi* seized him
very early in life, and has reduced him to
the miserable plight in which you saw him.
He has lodged at a little public-house in
this neighbourhood for some time,---and

when I could do the young man any service,---I did. He often teases me to set on foot for him a subscription for *Two Volumes of Fugitive Pieces*, which he thinks he could get permission to dedicate to Lord *****, but there is such a vile collection of incoherent rubbish---*Imitations and Paraphrases of Pindar, Horace, Juvenal, and the Psalms*---*verses to Amelia*---*Strephon to Celia*---and other such insignificant, threadbare stuff, that no money could be got for it,---nor do I think any gentleman would suffer his name to be printed in it; and as for charitable subscriptions, we have had enough of them, Mr. *****, already.

I was going to express my concern for him, when Mr. Folio proceeded :

" I am heartily sorry for the poor fellow, indeed. Seven years (he says) has he followed this employment; and finding now that nothing is to be got by it but poverty and rags, he is determined to change the livery of the Muses for that of his Sovereign."

" What, (said I) to enlist?"

" That is really the case. While in his present situation, he has no hopes at all; but as he is a man of some spirit, he thinks he may get preferment in the army, by being active and industrious; and not having wherewithal to purchase a commission, he begins at the lowest step, and enters as a common soldier."

" Poor young fellow."---My heart was too full to say more, and a silent tear fell down my cheek, in spite of all my fortitude.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
An ESSAY on NATURAL PHILOSOPHY;
IN WHICH

ITS INFLUENCE ON MEN'S MORAL CONDUCT IS CONSIDERED.

THOSE researches which impress on our minds a just sense of a superintendant Providence, will more certainly lead us to the performance of virtuous than immoral actions. Natural Philosophy here claims the palm: it is to her the antient Deities are indebted for their existence. The contemplative mind, as it ranged through the works of the creation, plainly discovered the footprints of a Deity imprinted on every leaf and flower. Reason, confined and narrow in her conceptions, could not at first form the vast idea of UNIVERSALITY: it was an abyss into which the unaccustomed soul was at a loss to enter; and therefore, instead of giving the immediate direction of the Universe to a single, Omnipotent Agent, she readily di-

vided it into numerous classes, and assigned to inferior Deities the government of each lot; and even then she had a strong idea of a Supreme to whose authority those Deities paid due submission.

Revelation, joined with Philosophy, has taught us to reject these notions concerning the government of Creation, and clearly evinced to us, that what the Heathens worshipped as tuttary Gods, presiding over the various links of Nature, are only certain fixed properties given her by the Almighty, by which she performs such actions as to his infinite wisdom seem meet for the univeral welfare.

That these powers of Nature are immediately dependent on her present mode of existence, is evident; since many Philo-

" His business with me this morning (continued Mr. Folio) was to tell me of his resolution, and to ask my opinion on the publishing a few sketches of his life,---as a beacon to others, who are wandering in the same mistaken path with himself. He has not brought me the copy, not being willing to compleat it till he had my approbation; but one can't give much, Mr. *****, for the life of a poet. They (Lord help 'em!) have no variety---a Garret is their constant residence---a Bookseller their only master. Visits, indeed, they would pay, if they could get admittance; but company at home they never see. However, I told him to get it finished, and probably I might give him half a crown for it. You shall see it, Mr. *****, and if you have a mind to take it for a paper of your Scribbler, you shall have it at a fair price. I expect him again to-morrow, and you shall then talk with the young man yourself."

I thanked Mr. Folio for his obliging offer, and returned home, ruminating on the unhappy state of those men, who, mistaking a lively imagination for poetical genius, and vainly trusting to their abilities, plunge themselves at once into misery and distress; exchanging a life of happiness and ease for that contemptible situation, which Dr. Swift imagines to be the very depth of wretchedness.

Were I to curse (says he) the man I hate, Attendance and dependance be his fate.

1774.

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[JULY,

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MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

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morning tell me of his life, — wandering himself. He not being and my app- much, Mr. ey (Lord Garret is teller their ey would be; but . How- and pro- Brown for , and if paper of at a fair morrow, the young

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philical experiments prove, that matter not only loses its powers, but assumes new ones, according to the arrangement of its elements, and the states in which it is placed.

That Being, therefore, who fixed it in its present round of variegation, can, whenever it shall please him, break the chain of connection, change and confine it to another state: in which reflections I would convey the following inference: — It is not at all contradictory to the principles of Nature, that she should, at the will of that pervading Power which at present conducts her regular motions, fall into an entire new state, as has been announced in *Holy Writ*. — — — Thus far inanimate matter.

The Soul, in its present confined state, evidently proves itself in its every action an eternally existent, but subjected being, immured in the flesh to exalt its nature, and render it worthy the immortal mansions of ethereal bliss.

Knowledge has been censured of making men ambitious and self-sufficient. — True Knowledge can have no such effect. If men will scarcely enter the field of science before they set up for deep Philosophers, and accurate investigators of the Powers of Nature; if they will lightly scan over the powers of secondary causes, and from them draw conclusions, without reflecting on the basis on which these causes act, they may possibly swell with pride, and, arrogating to themselves universal knowledge, forget to whose bounty they owe their existence and capacities.

Learning to bad men is truly pernicious; for, as a jewel in the swine's nose, so is Science in the mouth of a fool: it may be compared to wines—cordials to the wif, to the foolish, potions; nourishing and invigorating the former, but producing frequently fatal intoxication to the latter.

But shall the behaviour of a *Madman*, or the sentence of *Folly*, fix a stigma on any thing? Was their abuse of things to affect their merit, we might cavil at every favour Heaven has bestowed on us. The necessaries and comforts of life, are by them rendered so many instruments of destruction; and every blessing in their hands is a certain evil. The admission of such reasoning would be laying the axe at the root of nature's every law, and at each blow the attributes of the Almighty would feel the wound. Nor would the Christian Dispensation escape our censure, should we judge of its merit by the conduct of too many of its professors.

The errors, therefore, or imperfections of Philosophers, altho' advanced with such confidence as arguments against Philo-philical Enquiries, are so far from being unanswerable, that they are to be easily overthrown. — — — But before I conclude this part of my enquiry, let me ask a few questions: Are their errors and imperfections peculiar to themselves, and the mere effects of their knowledge? Would ignorance make them a jot more virtuous and irreproachable? Would it in any degree mend their morals? An extinction of Science, that grand luminary of the mental world, like the absence of the sun, would cast a darkness over the land, but not in the least lessen its vice.

Evident it is to me, that Science softens our ferocity, and properly used, diverts and amuses the passions—those tygers of the mind, which prove destructive of its peace and good order; and the Learning of the wicked will appear less deserving our fear than their brutal Stupidity, since the former will render them circumspect in their actions. The Sciences, therefore, aid the cause of Religion and Virtue, and conduce to the good order of society, as without them men may be poor and ignorant, but no less vicious.

Science may be compared to the old man's faggot—each stick, separately, will yield and break—but, when united, they resist our utmost power: so, also, sever the links of Science, and they may be wrested to their own destruction; but, while connected, they are proof against every injury. An investigation of the powers of Nature is the chief employment of the Blessed. An attention to Science on earth is, therefore, anticipating in some measure that fullness of bliss which is enjoyed in the mansions of eternity, and to which it will conduct its votaries, when this globe, and all its beauties, shall be done away; even then shall Science remain unchanged, except in that it will become far more exalted and improved.

Let us, therefore, enter deeply into this agreeable field; let us follow Nature thro' her various windings; see the reciprocal chain of alliance, by which her every part is linked together; but, above all, that grand dependence which she holds towards its Creator. Let us, I say, thus infiniby rise from one link of Creation to another, and, if possible, reach the *primum mobile*; there behold that which seems to our confined sensis a vast impossibility, performed with the most perfect ease. Then see how our feelings will be actuated; will vanity, or awful modesty fill our bosoms? Surely

the latter must take place, and every spark of the former die for ever.

Where shall we begin to depict the variegated scene of wondrous order? Shall we look up to the orbs in regular motion moving in their rounds, and harmoniously keeping in their spheres? or shall we investigate the minute organism of beings, whose existence is indiscernible to the common eye? or shall we take a transient view of any the intermediate links of Creation? Each separately raises our wonder, and gains from us involuntary adoration; but when we consider the aggregate body of Creation, its connections and dependencies, that symmetry with which the constituent parts are connected, that elegant formation of structure, that capacity for action, and minute dependency on each other in a reciprocal order; the Phenician birth of nature, or one class of beings rising into life from the ashes of another, well may we join the Psalmist, "Lord! how wonderful are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; creation teems with thy riches."

The more minutely we examine Nature, the greater our surprize is, that the resists the shocks her own powers are continually making against her economy; and well satisfied must we be, that merely by her self-existent power she would not long survive such repeated violences: soon must she yield a victim to her own frantic passions, unless supported by some all-powerful controul; and wild confusion, seizing the reins of government, would produce a second chaos.

If we look back a few ages, (few indeed when compared with eternity) we find mankind lost in ignorance; gradually they launched out from the dark cloud that enveloped them, and with a rapid gradation arose to the height of knowledge which they now possess.

The mind of man is too active to remain long in a state of lethargic ignorance; it naturally awakens itself to knowledge, rushes forward into the spacious field of Nature, and contemplates on the various phenomena that present themselves to our intellectual or corporeal senses. From them we draw conclusions, by them form opinions, and thro' them are easily led to acknowledge a Supremacy must exist.

Nature could not have been always as it is. Man must have begun existence—when, is indeterminate—how, is easily answered. His own innate power is unequal to the task. Some more powerful Agent must therefore have called him into being, who, as his Creator, demands his gratitude and obedience.

Let us look into this beautiful microcosm; let us examine its various faculties and powers; how wonderfully every part is framed to receive the most exquisite sensations, to perform the most glorious actions, and attain the first of blessings! Not an atom in our frame but is destined to some noble end—to support some grand design, and further some exalted deed.—How pleasingly is the body adapted to perform every with the soul can form, or attain every point that it soars at! Look into thyself; canst thou form such a system of systems, in a regular confusion, and surprisingly varied labyrinth of powers dependent on, and serving each other? Canst thou demonstrate the principles on which it moves, or the causes of its various actions and affections, and the reason for its several functions and senses? Canst thou clearly demonstrate why the ear hears, the eye sees, the nostrils receive the impression of favour, and the mouth of taste; while the sense of feeling is scattered indeterminately thro' the whole frame? Are not the nerves to each part the same—the same their origin and structure?

Is it reasonable that so exquisite a piece of mechanism should be the work of blind chance, independent of Supremacy?—Reason starts back at the position; nor will it admit a shadow of possibility.

There is not an action in Nature, but at the same time that it points out his power, convinces us of the mercy of the Almighty. Nature has certain fixed properties, by which she is connected, and which determine her actions. Every effect is produced by a certain cause; and, without a stated influence, no effect or action can take place. These reflections are the result of Philosopthic knowledge: they arise from an accurate investigation of Nature, and her laws. Let us examine the inferences to be drawn from them, and the influence they are likely to have on men's conduct.

The violent actions, or efforts of Nature, are timely cures to certain diseases in her economy, from whence they arise, or are the symptomatic effects; and by destroying superfluous collections of matter, hinder fatal events to herself or constituents. As Man is subject to diseases to which he must in time yield, but has powers to counteract them for a time, so is it with Nature. But by her violent efforts in accomplishing her grand designs, individuals sometimes become victims to the immoderate rage of her elements, or, in a secondary manner, by the works of their own hands. This sacrifice is indiscriminate,

microscopic faculties, every exquisitely glorious feelings ! defined the grand deed.— And to perceive, or at least look into the item of the soul and furies deserves ? Canst thou in which various actions for its own sake, against thy ears, the expression of which determination not the same

a piece of blind fury ?— nor will

but, but the power, mighty, by which determined is produced without a condition can the reasons they arise in Nature, the infernal and the men's

of Nature, leaves in life, or by degrees, or constitutions, to but has an origin, so is efforts, indicated to the or, in a scrupulous, nate,

rate, falling alike on the just and unjust, and is therefore evidently not as a punishment for vice, nor a reward of virtue; it comes not in wantonness, nor is it the sport of fools, but the stated influence of Nature, who, while she destroys an individual, is working to the preservation of myriads. And no doubt the Almighty chooses thus to demonstrate his attributes to mankind, by allowing so vast a latitude of action to the elements, and then restraining them; by which his mercy, wisdom, and power appear conspicuous.

Science, thus employed, removes those doubts and scruples which arose in other men's minds, from a supposition that the accidents of life were rendered to us as certain punishments, at the same time that the promiscuous distribution was evident. Such a persuasion was rife with great evil, startling some in their religious principles, and rooting all sense of religion from the breasts of others;—filling some with groundless fears and jealousies, others with discontents and murmuring; by which means they either became superstitious and idolatrous, or atheistical and immoral; either of which extremes are a sufficient root for all evil—while Science, removing Nature from this obscurity, gives her the golden mean.

Before we quit this subject, let us cast back a thought beyond the birth of Nature. How were things then situate?—Rude confusion crowds our imagination; and our souls are lost in wonder and surprise. No longer deny the power and authority of the Godhead, but, won by admiration, own his omnipotence is far beyond our bounded comprehension.

Look back for myriads of ages, and you will at last form a boundary to the flight of the soul, but at the same time be conscious of a pre-existence; the unfathomable abyss is too deep for the mind; in vain the endeavours to reach eternity, while, loaded with frail matter, she never can enter the immaterial worlds, but will remain bewildered and lost in her research, and, tho' conscious of a path, is incapable of pursuing it; like as in a dream, it vainly endeavours at that activity which it cannot attain.

I have already shewn that the present existence of things must have had an origin; that men could not have remained for so many ages in perfect ignorance, and all at once break out into perfection; and therefore, as Nature once existed in a different modus from its present, some power beyond its own must have influenced it to this effect, or it had never varied.—

Was it at first inert, thus it had remained, and had been even now as then, motionless, “and without form, and void.”—The First Agent to this alteration must have been self-existent and independent, supreme over other powers, and co-operating with them in all their actions. And, without this influence, matter would not only have remained in its former state, but will again, on being deprived of it, return to its pristine chaos.

This Author of Existence, then, under what name forever dignified, is the Governor and Controller of this little globe—any more, of the universe; a word too copious for our confined ideas, and as far beyond our comprehension, as the ideas of the soul exceed the shell it lives in.

The powers and faculties of the soul point out its immortality. How low, despicable, and degenerate must that man be, who would lower himself with the beasts that perish! What! shall Man lord it on earth for a few years, stand superior in the chain of created beings, with faculties for eternal existence, and at one stroke be levelled with the rest? If ambition be the result of philosophical enquiries, it will crush the grovelling thought, and, instead of inducing men to ipm, render them fond of embracing the doctrine of immortality. The accusation, therefore, of arrogance and ambition in Philosophers being at variance with its proofs, both must fall to the ground; since I have proved that Science, inculcating in us a proper notion of the attributes of God, will aid our endeavours to virtue, by implanting in us the only true knowledge—“to know ourselves.”

To sum up all:—What can give a man more calmness, than fixed certainty in hope of immortal happiness? What can teach him social duties with more energy, than that contemplative knowledge which results from true Science; opening the scene of futurity, when the wearied soul will throw off this cumbersome shell of mortality, and range with perfect freedom through the works of God,—there see and converse with Spirits and Angels, substances akin and suited to its nature?

Let no man, therefore,---misled by weak credulity---maintain, that too much knowledge inflates the minds of men.

PHILOTHEORUS.

[*The Select Committee for determining the Prizes have adjudged the Medal this month to the author of the above ingenious Essay, to whom it shall be sent agreeable to his own directions.*]

DAMARIS

DAMARIS AND PHILLIS:

Or, The SWEETS

of INDUSTRY.

PHILLIS and Damaris were two country lasses, the pride of the village where they lived; both handsome to perfection, but exceedingly different.

The unaffected Damaris had no attention but to assist the infirmities of an aged parent, whom severe illness confined to his cottage, while she tended his flock by the wood-side. Her hands were generally employed in some useful work: and when she knit, or spun, to procure her old father a more tolerable subsistence, the cheerfulness of her songs express a contented heart. Her dress, though very poor, was always neat and clean: she studied no ornament in it; and if the neighbours commended her person, she gave them very little attention.

Phillis had been bred up under a care-free mother. She was exceedingly pretty, and knew it mighty well. On holidays nobody so spruce as she. Her hat was wreathed with flowers or ribbons: every fountain was consulted for her dress, and every meadow ransacked to adorn it. From morning till night she was dancing, and sporting on the green: all the shepherds courted and admired her, and she believed every word they said. Yet she felt many a discontent. Sometimes her garland would be less becoming than she wished it: and every day brought with it some disquiet. She was one morning sitting very pensive under a poplar, tying up a nosegay, when she heard Damaris, who was concealed from her only by the shade of some bushes, singing with a merry heart, a song in praise of Industry. Phillis could not help interrupting her in the midst of it: and when she went towards her, found her busy in plying the distaff, which was fixed in her side: when thus the gay maid began:

PHILLIS.

How is it possible, Damaris, that you should be always so merry in leading a life of such drudgery? What charms can you find in it? How much better would it become your years to be dancing at the May-pole, where some rich farmer's son might probably fall in love with you!

DAMARIS.

Ah! Phillis, I prefer this way of life, because I see you very unhappy in yours. For my own part, I have never a moment's uneasiness. I am sensible, I am doing what I ought. I see myself the comfort of a good old father, who supported my helpless infancy, and now wants this return of duty in his decapid age. When

I have pinned the fold at night, I return home, and cheer him with my sight. I dress his little supper, and partake it, with more pleasure than you have at a feast. He, in the mean time, tells me stories of his younger days, and instructs me by his experience. Sometimes he teaches me a song, like that I was singing just now: and, on holidays, I read to him out of some good book. This, Phillis, is my life. I have no great expectations, but every cheerful hope, that can make the heart light and easy.

PHILLIS.

Well, Damaris, I shall not dispute your taste. My father is well enough, by his own labour, to provide for his family: and my mother never set us the example of working. 'Tis true we are poor: but who knows what good fortune may throw in our way. Youth is the time for mirth and pleasure: and I do not care how hardly I fare, provided I can get a silken lining to my hat, and be Lady of the May next year.

DAMARIS.

Oh! Phillis, this is very pretty for the present: but in what will it end? Do you think that smoothness of face will always last? You decrepid old woman, that limps upon her crutches, was once, they say, as handsome as you. Her youth passed without engaging any body in a real affection to her: yet her good name was lost among the follies she engaged in. Poverty and age came on together: she has long been a burden to the village, and herself. If any neighbour's cow is ill, all suspicions of witchcraft fall upon her. She can do nothing to maintain herself: and every body grudges her what she has.

PHILLIS.

Ill-natured Damaris, to compare me with a hag, that the country abhors. I wish you would come to the pastimes: they would put you in a better humour. Besides, you would there hear what the shepherds say to this Phillis, whom you are pleased to despise so.

DAMARIS.

I do not despise you, Phillis: but I wish you well, and would fain see you as happy as myself. That fine green stuff your gown is made of, would become you much better if it was of your own spinning. But I talk like an old man's daughter, and am little heeded. Go, pretty butterfly, and rejoice in the summer of thy days: let me like the homely, but industrious ant, lay up some provision for the winter.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES of the LIFE of PROTOGENES,
An ITALIAN PAINTER.

PROTOGENES was a native of Cannus, a city of Caria, subject to the Rhodians. Being descended from poor parents, he had not probably the instructions deemed so proper for his art. The first we hear of him is, that he painted ships for his livelihood.

He finished his pictures with a vast deal of care and exactness. The finest of them, it is said, was the picture of Jalisus, who is supposed to have been a famous hunter. While he was employed upon this, all his food was lentils mixed with a little water, which served him both for meat and drink; being of opinion, that this simple and light nourishment would leave him more freedom of fancy than richer or grosser viands.

Apelles seeing this piece, was so struck with admiration, that he could find no expression adequate to its beauty. This picture afterwards saved the city of Rhodes, when besieged by Demetrius; for not being able to attack it on any other quarter than that where Protogenes worked, which he intended to burn, in order to set fire to the rest of the town, he chose rather to abandon his enterprise, than by effecting this to destroy so fine a piece, the product of such a painter.

Though Protogenes, having his workhouse in a garden in the suburbs near the camp of the enemy, must necessarily be exposed to the noise and din of arms, yet this could not distract him in his labours.— Demetrius sending for him, and asking

him, "With what assurance he could work in the suburbs of a city that was besieged?" His answer was, "That he understood the war which the King had undertaken was against the Rhodians, and not against the arts;" which answer so pleased him, that he ordered some of his soldiers for his guard, being glad that by such means he could save so great an artist.

Apelles asking Protogenes what price he had had for his pictures, and hearing that it was inconsiderable, as is too generally the case of those who are obliged to work for bread, being concerned at the injustice he conceived to be done to such beautiful productions, gave him fifty talents for one picture only, saying, "That he would make it paid, and sell it for his own." This made the Rhodians perceive the merit of Protogenes, and made them willing to get the picture Apelles had bought out of his hands at any rate; so that they paid him down a much greater price than he had given for it; and it was by this method that they were stimulated to give a greater price for the works of Protogenes, who was ever grateful to his friend Apelles, to whose generosity he owed his advancement.

Protogenes (according to Pliny) was a sculptor as well as a painter; and this author has spoken more at large of his works, ranking him with the skilful painters of antiquity.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

ON THE
INSINCERITY of GREAT MEN'S PROMISES;
With a Curious ANECDOTE of Lord B*****TON.

FALSEHOOD and Insincerity have so firmly established their throne, and reign so predominant in the breasts of mankind, that to attempt to dislodge them from their sovereignty, would be vain and impossible. These passions have been cherished in all times, but to a much greater degree in the present age, which is equally notorious for its unbounded as well as refined dissipation. From the court to the cottage, Deceit, Fraud, and Perfidy, are hourly practised: Sincerity, Honour, and Fidelity, are banished from the land; and dare not shew their countenances amongst us. What opinion must we entertain of

the most exalted characters, (we mean those who maintain distinguished situations) when they pledge their faith and honour for the performance of every application that is made to them; and that too, without the least intention of rendering those deluded dupes, who confide in their declarations, any manner of service? We must, and ought to treat them, with contempt.

How ridiculous, absurd, and fulsome are those Compliments which are in general so prevalent amongst mankind! They are calculated to injure, but never to serve. Have we not frequently seen men addres-

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one another with all the protestations of seeming friendship and respect, professing that it would be the means of producing eternal happiness, could they have it in their power to render each other services, and praying and soliciting for permission to introduce substantial proofs of unremitting gratitude and esteem, at a time when they retained the most cordial enmity for each other.

Courtiers have always rendered themselves odious by their repeated breaches of protestations; it is even become proverbial to declare, when you doubt the veracity of a promise, that the declaration does not merit any other confidence of faith, than that of Lord B-r-g-n; or, indeed, of any other Court Character equally notorious in the hackneyed road of duplicity and finery. We might, perhaps, incur the displeasure, as well as censure of the public, if reasons were not assigned for thus particularizing this noble Lord; therefore, as a proof that we neither intend nor wish to vilify or deprecate his Lordship's character, we present the reader with the following Anecdote, which conveys the subject of a matter of fact; and, as its recital may, in some measure, be of real advantage to the Gentlemen of the army in their future applications, we shall introduce it without farther ceremony.

ANECDOTE of Lord B*****TON.

THE difficulty of obtaining promotion in the Army, without money or interest, is too obviously known to render any comment upon that subject necessary.—Let it suffice to say, that a worthy veteran Officer, born on the north of the Tweed, and whose manly locks were already silvered in the service of his king and country, was in this predicament. He had served in the rank of subaltern upwards of twenty years, during which period many were preferred over his head; some thro' the interest of their friends, and others by the purchase of their promotion. Our gallant North Briton had no merit which could entitle him to claim promotion, except that of his intrepid courage, and long and faithful services. He had been on the plains of Minden, and in several other engagements during the late war; in all which he greatly distinguished himself.—About the beginning of the year 1761, he obtained his Colonel's leave to return to England, who, at the same time, procured him very ample recommendation to Lord B-r-g-n, then s——y at war, for the first vacant company. His Lordship re-

ceived our hero with open arms, promising to provide for him speedily. He accordingly attended his Lordship's levee for many months, without any greater probability of succeeding in his wishes than on his arrival in England; he therefore was determined to adopt a new plan of procedure.

Imagining that his Lordship must be more at leisure from the fatigues of office in the mornings at his own house, he accordingly repaired thither about nine o'clock in the morning, when he was informed by a footman that his Lordship was gone abroad. For about ten days he experienced the same reply. He then discontinued his visits for four or five days, and as he afterwards approached the house, he perceived his Lordship precipitately retreat from the window; upon which our Soldier knocked at the door, and received the usual information. Perceiving how much his credulity had been abused, he would now have chastised the party-coloured Gentleman, if he had not had higher game in view; he, therefore, without further ceremony flew up stairs, burst in upon his Lordship, and addressed him as follows: “Be not surprised, my Lord, at this intrusion. My wrongs demand reparation; they shall, and must be gratified. Your Lordship's treating me with the grossest duplicity, it seems, is not sufficient; the rascals, your footmen, are taught the very same principles.”

To this language his Lordship very coolly replied, that he really could not consider this unexpected visit in any other light than that of an intrusion; and that his servants were guilty of no crime, except obeying their master's orders could be construed into one.

The Officer proceeded: “My Lord, as I intend to make this but a short visit, and as I have matters of consequence which require immediate discussion, I shall wave the point relative to the propriety or impropriety of instructing servants in the arts of falsehood and deception. Your Lordship knows my errand; I am determined not to be duped any longer. Should you attempt any further experiment of that nature, perhaps you may find it rather too late to repent of your conduct.”

Upon this the Officer pulled a loaded pistol out of his pocket, which he put into his Lordship's hands, recommending him to be particular in examining the exquisite taste of the artist in its construction, while he pulled its fellow from his pocket. He then appealed, if such an instrument was not very proper to have recourse to, when a gentle-

promising according to the levee for other probabilities than on before was of procedure.

He must be in the office of his Lordship. In nine days he then diffused five days, reached the precipice; upon the door, on. Per- had been stituted the had not therefore, up stairs, addressed my wrongs de- d must be rating me ns, is not men, art

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gentleman supposed his honour to be injured. His Lordship, well understanding the meaning of this appeal, returned the pistol; and being very much agitated by a sudden tremor, which very visibly appeared to be exerted throughout his whole frame, with a faltering voice desired the Officer to give himself no further uneasiness relative to his promotion, as he then pledged his honour that he should be presented with the first vacant company; upon

which the Officer very politely took leave of his Lordship, after having apologized for the mode of procedure which he had been under the necessity of adopting, with a view of gratifying his honour, and removing his grievances.

His Lordship for once was faithful; he fulfilled his Promise; and the Officer thereby experienced the *ultimatum* of his wishes.

[West. Mag.]

The BOOK-WORM, an OCCASIONAL PAPER;
NUMBER I.

To the EDITORS of the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

IF I should say that your Miscellany is the best periodical production that has ever yet appeared, it would be only a repetition of what thousands have already said; I therefore waive all compliment, and beg leave to lay the following plan before you.

You must know, Sirs, that I am an old man, who delight much in reading, and whenever I meet with any thing that is particularly striking, I copy it in my Common-Place Book, where are now deposited the choicest treasures of our best English writers; but as my design, in following this method, has not been merely for my own advantage, but for that of the public also, I have for some time waited for a proper channel, whereby I might convey them to the notice of mankind; and now offer them to you, Sirs, as a proof of the opinion I entertain of your undertaking, not doubting but they will prove agreeable to your very numerous readers.

But it may not be unnecessary to explain my motives for appearing under so uncouth a title as that of *BOOK-WORM*.---Believe me, Sirs, I from my heart despise the selfish wretch who *deserves* that appellation; who reads for ever for himself alone, and lays up in his memory an useless heap of undigested matter.---Men of this class are generally little more than *WORD-GRUBBERS*, remembering with the nicest care the peculiar title or expression of an author, but totally inattentive to his principles or sentiments. The pride of such a man is merely in the *number* of the volumes he has read, and so perpetually is he engrossed in *reading*, that he does not allow himself time for *application*, and thus becomes a very drone in society,---living on the fruits of other's labours, yet no way adding to the general stock.

I need not, however, take up your readers' time, in pourtraying a character too often seen; suffice it to say, that my own

fondness for books has drawn upon me this opprobrious name, and that I am seldom known by any other, more especially among the undiscerning multitude, whose opinions are formed from superficial views. But my present appearance may possibly convince them, that I am not that miser in knowledge they suspect me to be, and that whatever I glean in the fields of learning, I freely distribute to such as will receive it.

Apropos, Messieurs---the English, I observed, are a strange, unaccountable people, judging without thought, and deciding without judgment.---Take, then, the following picture of them, as drawn by the ingenious and sensible Dr. S——, in his

HISTORY and ADVENTURES of an
A T O M.

In justice to the Doctor, I must previously observe, that he has published the character in question under another name, substituting the empire of Japan for the kingdom of England; but as nothing of ill-nature is to be found in this description, my countrymen, I think, cannot be displeased, if the mirror is awhile held up to them.

THE kingdom of England consists of three large islands; and the people who inhabit them are such inconstant, capricious animals, that one would imagine they were created for the purpose of ridicule. Their minds are in continual agitation, like a shuttlecock tossed to and fro, in order to divert the demons of philosophy and folly. An Englishman, without the intervention of any visible motive, is, by turns, merry and penitive, superficial and profound, generous and illiberal, rash and circumspect, courageous and fearful, benevolent and cruel. They seem to have no fixed principle of action, no effectual rudder to steer them through the voyage of life; but to be hurried down the rapid

tide of each revolving whim, or driven, the sport of every gust of passion that happens to blow. An Englishman will sing at a funeral, and sigh at a wedding; he will this hour talk ribaldry with a prostitute, and the next immerse himself in the study of metaphysics or theology. In favour of one stranger, he will exert all the virtues of hospitality; against another, he will exercise all the animosity of the most sordid prejudice: one minute sees him hazarding his all on the most extravagant project; another beholds him hesitating in lending a sum of money to his friend on undeniably security. To-day, he is afraid of paring his corns; to-morrow, he scruples not to cut his own throat. At one season, he will give half his fortune to the poor; at another, he will not bestow the smallest pittance to save his brother from indigence and distress. He is elated to insolence by the least gleam of success; he is dejected to despondency by the slightest turn of adverse fortune. One hour he doubts the best established truths; the next, he swallows the most improbable fiction. His praise and censure is what a good man would chuse to avoid, as evils equally pernicious: the first is generally raised without foundation, and carried to such extravagance, as to expose the object to the ridicule of mankind; the last is often unprovoked, yet usually inflamed to all the rage of the most malignant persecution. He will extol above Alexander the Great, a petty officer who robs a hen-roost; and damn to infamy a General for not performing impossibilities. The same man whom he yesterday flattered with the most fulsome adulation, he will to-morrow revile with the most bitter abuse; and, at the turning of a straw, take into his bosom the very person whom he has formerly defamed as the most perfidious rascal.

The English value themselves much upon their constitution, and are very clamorous about the words Liberty and Property; yet, in fact, the only liberty they enjoy is to get drunk whenever they please, to revile the government, and quarrel with one another. With respect to their

property, they are the tamest animals in the world; and, if properly managed, undergo, without wincing, such impositions, as no other nation in the world would bear. In this particular, they may be compared to an ass, that will crouch under the most unconscionable burthen, provided you scratch his long ears, and allow him to bray his belly full. They are so practicable, that they have suffered their pockets to be drained, their veins to be emptied, and their credit to be cracked, by the most bungling ad—str—s, to gratify the avarice, pride, and ambition, of the most sordid and contemptible — that ever fate upon the —.

The methods used for accomplishing these purposes are extremely simple. You have seen a dancing bear incensed to a dangerous degree of rage, and all at once appeased by fixing a pistol over his nose. The English, even in their most ferocious moods, when they denounce vengeance against the m—r, and even threaten the — itself; are easily softened into meekness and condescension. A set of tall fellows, hired for the purpose, tickle them under the noses with long straws, into a gentle convulsion, during which they shut their eyes, and smile, and quietly suffer their pockets to be turned inside out. Nay, what is still more remarkable, the m—y is in possession of a pipe, or rather *bullock's horn*, which being founded to a particular pitch, has such an effect on the ears and understandings of the people, that they allow their pockets to be picked with their eyes open, and are bribed to betray their own interests with their own money, as easily as if the treasure had come from the remotest corner of the globe.

Notwithstanding these capricious peculiarities, the English are become a wealthy and powerful people, partly from their *insular* situation, and partly from a spirit of commercial adventure, sustained by all the obstinacy of perseverance, and conducted by repeated flashes of good sense, which almost incessantly gleam through the chaos of their absurdities.



CEREMONY OF A NUN'S taking the VEIL at ROME.

WHEN the cardinal was robed, the novice was led into the chapel by a lady of the first rank in Rome, and brought to the altar in an exceeding splendid dress. Her hair was of a beautiful light brown, and curled *en tige de maton*

all over her head. Her robe was of the richest embroidered and embossed blue and silver I ever saw. She had on a large hoop, and a great quantity of diamonds. More than two yards of her train swept the ground.

When

When she first appeared, she looked very pale, and more dead than alive. She made a most profound reverence to the cardinal, who was seated on the steps of the altar in his mitre, and all his rich vestments, ready to receive her. She threw herself upon her knees, at the foot of the altar, and remained in that posture some time, while other parts of the ceremony were adjusting; then she approached the cardinal, who said, "Figlia mia, che domandate?" "My child, what is your request?" She said, that she begged to be admitted into the convent as a sister of the order of St. Ursula. "Have you (said the cardinal) well considered of what you ask?" She answered cheerfully that she had, and was well informed of all that was about to do. Then she kneeled down again, and kissed the cardinal's hands, and received from him a little crucifix, which she also kissed; after which she retired again to the foot of the altar, where she threw herself on her knees while the cardinal said *mass*, which was sung at the same time in the organ loft. After this there was a sermon in the Italian language, and that being over, the cardinal led the nun elect into the convent, where she was divested of all her gorgeous attire, and worldly vanities, and had her hair cut off. She then came to the gate in her religious dress, to

receive the white veil, with which she was invested by the lady abbess, the cardinal, and the other assistants standing by her.

When her veil was on, the new sister came to the convent door, to receive the congratulations of her friends, and of the company; but first, with a lighted taper in her hand, she marched round the convent, to salute all the nuns, who had like-wise tapers in their hands. When she was at the door, with the veil, and a crown on, but her face uncovered, I, among the rest, went close to her, and found that she was much prettier than I had before imagined. She had a sweet mouth, and the finest teeth in the world, with lively sparkling eyes, and an elegant shaped face. She would, anywhere else, have been styled a very pretty woman; but here her situation exalted her into a beauty.

At the altar she changed countenance several times; first grew pale, then red, and seemed to pant, and to be in danger of either bursting into tears, or fainting; but she recovered before the ceremony was ended, and at the convent door assumed an air of great cheerfulness, talking to several of her friends and acquaintance, and seeming to give up the world very heroically. And thus ended the human sacrifice.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

EFFECTS OF

PRIDE on the LOWER CLASSES of MANKIND.

THE most general complaint in the universe is against Pride; which surprises me very much that it is not entirely banished out of society; nor can I otherwise account for it, than that it is a part of most people's natures, and lies concealed from the possessor, though commonly visible enough to every one else.--- The Rev. Mr. Collier, in an essay on this subject, defines Pride "to be the having too high an opinion of our own excellency." Now that most, if not all, people entertain very flattering opinions of themselves, is, I believe, beyond all doubt; but that they can do so with propriety, is what I much question. I am rather inclined to think the contrary; and that, if every person would examine himself impartially, he would find no just grounds to be otherwise than modest and humble, and very dubious of his own perfections.

It must be a mortifying reflection to those who place so much confidence in

worldly enjoyments, that this life will not last for ever; and that it will not, is very evident.

I have often made a remark, (which strict observation has convinced me is just) that Pride and Ignorance are generally inseparable, and that the *superior* part of mankind are much freer from them than people in inferior situations. I am not unacquainted with any one station in life, and therefore write more from experience than suggestion: and as I apprehend the same remark has been made by many besides myself, I shall confine my strictures on this subject chiefly to the *middle* and *lower* classes, as conceiving them the most culpable.

It is a fact well known, that Borough and Corporation Towns are principally inhabited by a set of men, whose delight and study it is to oppose one another; and of women who endeavour to excel in dress, and what they call politeness, and

who take a pride in traducing their absent neighbours. Political animosities are plenty enough in most places, but particularly so in these, where, joined with ignorance and pride, they almost pervert the order of nature, and extirpate every symptom of honour and virtue. The Right Worshipful the Mayors, Aldermen, and Common Council, as being the most important, are seldom without a *quantum sufficit* of Pride, which they let fly upon all occasions, giving themselves airs of great consequence, and becoming very imperious over those whom they fancy their inferiors. Nor is the alteration observable in them alone, but also in their Spouses, Mrs. Mayorefs (the wife of the worshipful Timothy Shallow, Blacksmith, Mayor and 'Squire) becomes a fine lady. Her head is metamorphosed into a pyramid of wool, flour, and grease, and all the rest of her delicate frame made showy as a peacock. The Aldermen's ladies follow her example, and give themselves vain and conceited airs, which make them laughing-stocks and objects of ridicule to every one who beftows the least attention upon them. It often happens that these female transcendent Beings form one party, and their envious neighbours the other: and, as all their enmity is occasioned by their Pride, so when they chance to come together, they seldom fail to entertain each other very plentifully with scorn and contempt.

Another set of insignificant proud gentry are the inferior sort of Parsons and Apothecaries. The first whose vanity makes him believe himself a very profound scholar, and extremely clever, conceives that Pride is the most proper gild to make them portable; and therefore adds to a pedantic air, a stanch, awkward address, insolent, haughty gait, and most supercilious, arrogant behaviour. The other imagines himself superior to his neighbours, because he can utter a parcel of phrases and jargon which few are able to comprehend, and which many illiterate persons suppose

to be very learned, and accordingly pronounce the unintelligible Apothecary "a bloody fine scholard."

The moment a numskull of a Shop-keeper, whose brains would not weigh two drams, becomes possessed of a little money, he bids adieu to humility, and apprehends he is a consummate wise fellow, and a fine gentleman. He forgets what he *has been*, and only thinks on what he *is*, and what he *may be*; that he is now a Gentleman, Cobler, and Common-Council-man, and that by and bye he may be a Mayor, a 'Squire, and a Justice. He sets up his one-horse chaise, smokes a pipe, and drinks a pint every night extraordinary; and sincerely believes he is quite the man of fashion, pleasure, and understanding. Deluded fool! Thy attempt to appear fashionable only exposes thy ignorance! Thou makest thyself a precious blockhead, by trying to become a man of pleasure; and thy understanding presents itself in its natural shallow state to every observer. Modesty is shocked at thy appearance! Humility reflects on thee with pity and contempt; and thou canst only regain their favour by reversing thy behaviour, and laying aside thy affectation!

I could be much more particular on this subject, but shall only say generally, that Pride is exceedingly incompatible with the Christian Religion, which instructs us in Humility---and directly contrary to Learning; as the more a man knows, the more he discovers his Ignorance, and finds occasion for Modesty. It is the ruin of society, because no harmony can subsist where there is a continual opposition; which is always the case amongst the Proud. It is highly detrimental to Friendship, as *that* requires generous sentiments, and great sincerity; neither of which have any connection with Pride.---And, lastly, it inclines us to set a higher value on this life than we ought; and, which most intimately concerns us, it makes us think lightly of a Future State.

[*Wth Mag.*]



MEMOIRS of the late EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, late Earl of Chesterfield, was born in September 1695, and received his academical education at Trinity-hall, Cambridge. He left the university at the age of 19, where, by his own account, he was an absolute pedant. When he talked his best, he quoted Horace; when he aimed at being facetious, he quoted Martial;

and, when he had a mind to be a fine gentleman, he talked Ovid. He was convinced that none but the antients had common sense, and that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental.

With these notions he went first to the Hague, where, being introduced into the best company, he soon discovered that he

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was mistaken in almost every notion he entertained. He had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good nature, and a laudable vanity) and was sensible that he had nothing but the *desire*. He therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the *means* too. And this he accomplished, by attentively studying the dress, the manner, and the conversation of all those whom he found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please.

Before he came of age, being then styled Lord Stanhope, he was chosen, in the first parliament of King George the First, for the borough of St. Germain, and in the next for Leifwithiel, both in Cornwall.--- He tells us himself, that "he spoke in parliament the first month he was in it, and from the day he was elected to the day he spoke, thought and dreamed of nothing but speaking." On the Prince of Wales's first arrival in England, he was made one of the Lords of his Bed-chamber, in which post he was retained, when his Royal Highness was dismissed the Court of St. James's, in 1717. In 1723, he was appointed Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard. In January, 1726, on his father's death, he succeeded him in his titles and estates; and, in 1728, soon after the accession of King George II. his Lordship was sworn of his Majesty's privy-council, and appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, which high character he supported with the greatest dignity, doing service to his own country, and gaining the esteem of the States General. In 1730, he was elected a Knight of the Garter, and appointed Lord Steward of his Majesty's Household; and, in the same year, he returned to his embassy in Holland.

In September, 1733, he married the Right Hon. Melesina de Schulemburgh, Countess of Walsingham, in Norfolk, (so created by King George I. in 1722) niece to the Duchess of Kendal: and, soon after, as that Prince had left her Ladyship a legacy, which his successor did not think proper to deliver, the Earl, it is said, was determined to recover it by a suit in Chancery, had not his Majesty, on questioning the Lord Chancellor on the subject, and being answered that he could give no opinion extra-judicially, thought proper to fulfil the bequest.

At the close of 1744, the Earl was a second time appointed Ambassador Extra-

ordinary and Plenipotentiary to Holland, and set out for the Hague, Jan. 11, 1745-6. His business there was to engage the Dutch to enter roundly into the war, and to stipulate their quota of troops, &c.--- The Abbé de la Ville was there on the part of France, to hinder them from entering into the war at all. They could not visit; but the first time the Earl met him at a third place, he procured some one to introduce him, and told the Abbé, that, "tho' they were to be national enemies, he flattered himself they might, however, be personal friends;" which the Frenchman returned as politely. Two days afterwards, the English Ambassador went, early in the morning, to solicit the Deputies of Amsterdam, where he found the Abbé, who had been before-hand with him; upon which he addressed himself to the Deputies, and said, with a smile, "I am very sorry, Gentlemen, to find my enemy with you; my knowledge of his capacity is already sufficient to make me fear him; we are not upon equal terms; but I trust to your own interest against his talents. If I have not, to-day, had the first word, I shall, I hope, have the last." They smiled; the Abbé was pleased with the compliment, and the manner of it, stayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left his Lordship to the Deputies, with whom he continued upon the same tone, though in a very serious manner, and told them that he was only come to state their own true interests, plainly and simply, without any of those arts, which it was very necessary for his friend to make use of to deceive them. He carried his point, and continued his *procédé* with the Abbé; and, by this easy and polite commerce at third places, often found means to fish out from him whereabouts he was.†

His Lordship took leave of their High Mightinesses, May 6, 1745, and the letter which they wrote to the King on that occasion, shews the just sense they had of his merit and abilities. He arrived in London, May 11, having concluded a treaty with the States, by which they engaged to assist the common cause with 60,000 men in the field and garrisons.--- During his absence, in Holland, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and, on the King's going to Hanover, was nominated one of the Lords Justices. His administration in Ireland will long be remembered with gratitude and admiration by that kingdom, where he met the par-

* Letter lxxxviii.

† See Vol. II. Letter lxx. It is observable that his Editor there says, by mistake, that he went to the Hague in 1744, whereas it was the year after.

liament, Oct. 8, 1745; and, during that critical period, the rebellion then raging in Scotland, he gave general satisfaction both to protestants and papists. He left Dublin in April, 1746, to the general regret of the whole nation; and, on Oct. 29, succeeded the Earl of Harrington as Secretary of State. He held the Seals till Feb. 6, 1747-8.

Being seized with a deafness in the year 1752, "which cut him off (as he says) from society, at an age when he had no pleasures but those left," and for which all remedies were ineffectual, from that time he led a retired and private life; and, being secluded from mixed companies, made his eyes supply the defect of his ears, by amusing himself with his books, and his pen in particular, engaging largely, as a volunteer, in the periodical work called *The World*, published in 1753, by Mr.

Moore, where his Lordship's papers are most distinguishably excellent.

We shall only add, that his Lordship died March 24, 1773, and was succeeded in his titles and estates, by Philip Stanhope, Esq; son of his kinsman, Arthur Stanhope, Esq; deceased, lineally descended from the first Earl of Chesterfield. His Lordship's character, in which, for wit and abilities, and especially for elocution or oratory, he had few equals, requires a pen or tongue like his own. We therefore leave the public to form their own opinion of him; to which they will be directed by a perusal of his elegant Letters lately published.

He was buried privately (as he desired) in the vault under Audley-chapel, being the next burying-place to Chesterfield-house.

[*Cent. Mag.*]

Dr. LETSOM's New Method of curing PUTRID FEVERS; or,
GAOL, HOSPITAL, or WORKHOUSE FEVERS,

Occasioned by HUMAN CONTAGION.

[*From MEDICAL MEMOIRS of the GENERAL DISPENSARY, just published.*]

THE symptoms that characterise this fever, the Doctor says, are uniform; the remissions being irregular, and scarcely evident; the heat of the body intense; the head-ach almost perpetual; the pulse small, frequent, and irregular, with the utmost prostration of strength, and despondency of mind; and from the putrid bilious effusions into the stomach arise nauseous bitter taste, and frequent vomiting; the respiration is laborious, and interrupted with deep sighs; the breath offensive, and likewise the sweat, which is sometimes tinged with blood; the delirium almost constant; the tongue dry, and covered, as well as the teeth and lips, with a brown or black tenacious foulness; thrush and ulcerations in the mouth and throat come on; the urine deposits a dark-coloured sediment; the stools are exceedingly nauseous and foetid, and blackish or bloody; the eyes almost universally seem horny or glossy, and frequently the whites are tinged of a deep blood colour; petechiae, like flea-bites, appear; and some-

times larger exudations of blood or vibices; haemorrhagy from the gums,* nose, or old ulcers come on; and a fatal hiccup often closes the tragedy.

While the patient was languishing under the oppression of these dreadful symptoms, the Doctor says, a painful sensation was excited in his breast, while he continued attentive only to the mode of practice of other physicians; but, as the loss of a patient by the usual routine gave him pain, he determined to relieve his anxiety by a more spirited interposition in favour of his patient, and he found, to his inexplicable satisfaction, that his endeavours were almost uniformly successful. The principal remedies, he says, he made use of, besides good liquors, were Peruvian bark and cold air. By these I have learned, says he, that a delirium, dyspnoea, with pulse 130 while distinct, occurring in putrid fevers, are rendered as little tremendous as the common symptoms of an intermittent, by a method of cure neither tedious nor unpleasant.

* Some of these symptoms are so similar to those attending the last stages of the sea scurvy, that it may be worth while to enquire whether they may not arise from the same cause, namely, human contagion; the officers on board ships, not being so closely crowded together, suffer so severely in long voyages as the common men. It is not improbable, therefore, but that the sea scurvy may be generated by the corruption of human effluvia, though it has hitherto been considered as proceeding from salt provisions, and sea air. Query, Whether hanging the hammocks in the shrouds, and sleeping in the open air, in hot climates, may not be preventive of that disorder?

I have premised already, adds the Doctor, that the fever is ascertained to be of the putrid kind, without symptoms of inflammation; in which case it may appear necessary to evacuate the putrid or accumulated effusions in the stomach and bowels, probably by an antimonial vomit, which should also be given in such a manner, or with such additions, as may procure as many stools as the patient can easily bear, as well as empty the stomach by vomiting; but where the patient has been previously much weakened, the evacuation is not always necessary or safe; and indeed the bark itself generally is laxative, either alone, or when joined with a mineral acid. Immediately after the intended evacuations have been produced, I commence the exhibition of the bark, without waiting for remissions or intermissions; a sedulous attention to which, and to crisis in fevers, I presume has destroyed more than famine, or Sydenham's cold. A dry dark-coloured tongue, a dry skin, urine without sediment, despitentia, delirium, dyspnoea, and continued fever, are the circumstances which have deterred physicians from using the bark. In a word, these are the very reasons for which I would immediately give it: it promotes a mild perspiration, produces a sediment in the urine, and diminishes the quickness of the pulse; it removes the delirium, by obviating the causes which produce the fever, and effectually relieves the breathing. Such a treatment may probably surprize the reader, but I am earnest in recommending it. In a fever, with the urgent symptoms of putrefaction, two ounces of the bark a day is the least that can be depended upon. My common form, however, is to order three ounces of the powder to be boiled in a quart of water to ten ounces, which is to be run through a coarse cloth, that admits the fine powder of the bark, and this decoction is to be taken in 24 hours. In

weak stomachs, I have remarked that weak decoctions sit easier with the patient than the bark in substance, and thereby prove more effectual. In some cases, a drachm of elixir of vitriol is added; it is laxative, prevents fermentation, and is probably antiseptic. It should be a general caution that the patient pay at least a daily tribute ad cloacam, as the first evacuation will not insure us against a fresh, though a less effusion of bilious matter.--- Having dismissed this first chief remedy in putrid fevers, the Doctor proceeds to his second, which is cold air.

It is with me, says the Doctor, a general injunction to keep the patient out of bed, as is now generally recommended in the small-pox; and where it is not convenient to take them out of doors, the windows and doors of the chambers are ordered to be opened throughout the day, and the patient to be exposed to the current of air: the good effects of this aurora salutifera are astonishing. This, with the free use of the bark, an attention to the state of the bowels, and some precaution in regimen, will render a putrid, gaol, hospital, or camp fever, which are all one and the same in the event, as familiar and easy to cure as a common intermittent.--- It is almost unnecessary to remark, that in cases of this kind all animal food and broths are to be avoided, and farinaceous substituted for diet. The common beverage should be lemonade, imperial water, acidulated liquors, apple tea, wine and water, and pure wine, particularly claret, of which the patient may be allowed from one pint to three quarts a day. And among those who have been accustomed to malt liquor, I advise the free use of good small beer, or, if agreeable, as much porter as they can drink, of which I have known patients take a pint at a draught with great refreshment.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

REMARKS ON THE

AURORA BOREALIS, by Mr. WINN.

In a LETTER to Dr. FRANKLIN.

I HAVE often wished that somebody would carefully collate a sufficient number of meteorological journals, with intent to observe and class the several appearances in the atmosphere before great changes in the weather, particularly before great storms. I am persuaded, from my own observation, that, in general,

sufficient indications of impending tempests precede them a considerable time, did we but carefully note them.

The phenomenon which I am going to mention is one of those indications which not only portend an approaching tempest, but ascertain from what quarter it will come; a circumstance that may render it

of essential service to seamen. I believe the observation is new, that the Aurora Borealis is constantly succeeded by hard southerly or south-west winds, attended with hazy weather, and small rain. I think I am warranted from experience to say constantly; for in twenty-three instances that have occurred since I first made the observation, it has invariably obtained. However, I beg leave to request that you will recommend it to the notice of the Royal Society, as a matter which, when confirmed by further observations, and generally known, may be of more consequence than at first appears.

To shew that it may, give me leave to recite the circumstance which first occasioned my taking notice of it.

Sailing down the English channel in 1769, a few days before the autumnal equinox, we had a remarkable bright and vivid Aurora the whole night. In shore the wind fluctuating between N. N. W. and N. W. and farther out W. N. W. Desirous of benefiting by the land-wind, and also of taking advantage of an earlier ebb tide, I dispensed with the good old marine adage, "Never to approach too near the weather-shore, lest it should prove a lee-shore," and by short tacks clung close along the English coast. Next day the wind veered to the S. W. and soon after to S. S. W. and sometimes W. We were then in that dangerous bay between Portland and the Start Point, and carried a prelfing sail, with hopes of reaching Torbay before dark; but night came on, with thick haze and small rain, infomuch that we could not have seen the land at the distance of a ship's length. The gale was now increased to a storm: in this dilemma nothing remained but to endeavour to keep off the shore till the wind should change. Luckily our ship was a stout one, and well rigged.

Reflecting, some time after, on the circumstances of this storm, and the phenomena that preceded it, I determined to have particular attention to future Aurora, and the weather that should succeed them; and, as I observed above, in

twenty-three instances, have found them uniform, except in degree; the gale generally commencing between twenty-four and thirty hours after the first appearance of the Aurora. More time and observation will probably discover whether the strength of the succeeding gale is proportionate to the splendor and vivacity of the Aurora, and the distance of time between them. I only suspect that the more brilliant and active the first is, the sooner will the latter occur, be more violent, but of shorter duration, than when the light is languid and dull. Perhaps, too, the colour of the Aurora may be some guide in forming a judgment of the coming gale. That which preceded the storm I have mentioned was exceedingly splendid. The tempest succeeded it in less than twenty-four hours, was violent, but of short continuance. In June last, a little without soundings, we had for two nights following faint inactive Aurora; the consequent gale was not hard, but lasted near three days: the first day attended with haze and small rain, the second with haze only, and the last day clear.

The benefit which this observation on the Aurora Borealis, when further confirmed, may be of to seamen, is obvious, in navigating near coasts, which extend east and west, particularly in the British Channel. They may, when warned by this phenomenon, get into port, and evade the impending storm; or, by stretching to the southward, facilitate their passage by that very storm which might otherwise have destroyed them; for no winds are so dangerous in the Channel, as the southerly and south-west. In a word, since I have made this observation, I have got out of the Channel, when other men, as alert, and in faster-sailing ships, but unapprized of this circumstance, have not only been driven back, but with difficulty have escaped shipwreck.

Perhaps the observation that southerly gales constantly succeed these phenomena, may help to account for the nature of the Aurora Borealis.

[*Gent. Mag.*]

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG LADIES,
RELATIVE TO THEIR CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR IN LIFE.

[From A FATHER'S LEGACY to his DAUGHTERS.]

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be

insensible of applause;—if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women; but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

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JULY,

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MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

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When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty.--- That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in *our* sex, but in yours it is particularly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime? It is a sufficient answer, that *Nature* has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant upon guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This *modesty*, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one; people of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable; the expression in the countenance thews it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that *confident* ease, that *unabashed* countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of *superior* rank addresses you, let not your eager attention and visible preference betray the flutter of your heart. Let your pride on this occasion preserve you from that meanness, into which your vanity would sink you; consider, that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman, only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men, even of the first rank, with that dignified *modesty*, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess; it must be guarded with discretion and good-nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with delicacy, yet they are seldom found united; wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated, and lose all self-command.

Humour is a different quality: it will make your company much solicited: but be cautious how you indulge it; it is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character: it may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your *good sense*. It will be thought you assume

a superiority over the rest of the company; but if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such a one will seldom fall in your way; and if he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation, consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of *detraction*, especially where your own sex are concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice. I think unjustly. Men are full as guilty of it when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, the temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regard. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Shew a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villainy of men.— Indulge a secret pleasure (I may say pride) in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Consider every species of *indelicacy* in *conversation*, as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us. All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain or contempt. Virgin purity is so very delicate, that it cannot hear certain things without contamination: it is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he fees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if the reient the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached, perhaps, with
D prudery.

prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy: now, I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your *reserve*. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable; but trust me they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women: a great distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation. I only point out some considerations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to *truth*. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbriddled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain *gentleness of spirit and manners* extremely engaging in your sex; not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike: this arises either from an affection of softness, or from perfect simplicity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; and I hope, for the honour of the sex, they will ever continue so.---I mean, the *Luxury of eating*; it is a despicable, foolish vice in men, but in your sex it is beyond expression indelicate and disgusting.

Every man who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing-rooms are deserted; and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire.---How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly enquire; the revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I

shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately; it would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage: to fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us, by the fullest display of their personal charms---by being always in our eye at public places---by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another;---in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can.---But a little time and experience will shew the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives; they are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they will, to dissolve it;---but if *she* is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power: she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity, an ingenuous modesty to be preserved in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel, previous to the reflection that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to blest the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them, if he knows they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter;---it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners,---every virtue, and every excellence,---in their most graceful, amiable, and most engaging forms.

You may perhaps think I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and make you entirely artificial.---Far from it.---I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity

without pride,---affability without meanness,---and simple elegance without affectation. *Milton* had my idea, when he said of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

MEN the CAUSES OF THEIR OWN UNEASINESS.

THE art of being miserable is a study by far more universal than may be at first imagined. You can scarcely mix with any company, without meeting with a regular professor. It is not confined to either sex; it is equally adopted by the Ladies as well as the Gentlemen.

A proficient in this art views every object and every circumstance that occurs in life, on the most disagreeable side, and fixes it as an invariable rule never to be pleased. The weather is an inexhaustible source of seasonable vexation. If it rains, there is no possibility of bearing it; this is such weather as Englishmen hang themselves in: if frosty, all the fruit will be destroyed, and we shall have no vegetables to eat; if it is warm, it is insupportable, it is worse than living under the sun. The measures of government afford ample scope for being eternally displeased, for as the minister cannot do any thing that can possibly be right, it necessarily follows that all he does must be wrong. We are ruined by the gold act; the axe is laid at the root of liberty, by the Boston Bill; and Popery and Slavery are established in Canada. Here is a glorious field for being happily out of temper all the session at least. An approaching general election regenerates all the animadversions that can possibly be devised against bribery and corruption; the vanity of Parliaments, the sale ofboroughs, and ministerial influence; and if a man cannot work himself up to a fine glow of vexation upon these subjects, he is no proficient in the art of being miserable.

But a regular professor does not confine himself to these topics of disgust: he enters into all the minutiae of uneasiness.---When alone, he upbraids Providence for

placing him in a state so much inferior to his merit; raves at the caprices of that blind jade Fortune; suspects every man's probity, and constantly imagines some scheme is laid for his destruction; in the world he gives credit to no intelligence till it is in the Gazette, as the papers are crammed with nothing but lies, and then frequently suggests it is violently exaggerated, or softened, as the case may require, to serve some party or political purpose. In company, no story, however pleasant, can aggravate a malice; singing is fit for women and children, and he has no ear for music. His dinner is always spoilt; the wine is constantly adulterated, the punch bad, and the beer four or muddy. Even a fine woman cannot please him, as her vanity is insupportable.

The same traits, with some allowance for the difference of sex, may be traced in the female world. If she is not so deep in politics, she is far more deep in scandal; and there is not a woman, whom he considers as a rival in beauty or attractions, but is to be suspected of a *faux pas*, or some vice that is a disgrace to the sex.---Her Milliner is blind, as she never makes a cap to suit her, and her Mantuamaker is out of her sense for making her cap to much out of fashion. Her maids are awkward sluts, and lazy hussies. The public places are crowded with nothing but low-life wretches; and the men (for this character generally falls to the lot of an old maid) are all villains, seducers, deceivers, whore-masters, gamblers, and drunkards.

Having thus taken a disgust to every being animate or inanimate, and every situation or circumstance that can possibly occur, we may venture to pronounce he or she an adept in the art of being miserable.

All Men RICH in ENGLAND.

THE inhabitants of England are sometimes said to be so very strange in their opinions, that scarcely any two think alike on any one subject; but I will venture to say there is one particular, wherein they are unanimous,

They are one and all agreed, that they are very poor,---that money is exceeding scarce, and that hardly any man can hold out another twelvemonth. This language have they held for near twenty years past, yet do they shew universally, by their way

of life, that there is no such thing as a poor man in the nation;—that gold is as plentiful among them as on the coast of Guinea,—and that there can be no end of their riches.—A short examination will prove this paradox, though it cannot be properly accounted for.

To begin, then, with the lowest class:—Every one talks of the hardness of the times; yet even the meanest mechanic complains, if he has not a lemon to his veal. He goes to his club full twice a week, or more, and finds it so difficult to spend on the sabbath, what remains of his last week's wages, that he is obliged to call in Saint Monday to his assistance. The tribe of quilters, journeymen mantua-makers, char-women, and washer-women, are not contented with sending to India for their breakfast, or afternoon's regale, but they must have their tea-equipage from the same quarter of the world; not thinking delft, or even the manufacture of Bow or Chelsea, dear enough for them. Home-spun linen, and home-made stuffs, are not thought fit for the wear of servant-maids or milliners apprentices; not a single Abigail, or band-box carrier, deigns to visit her acquaintance out of place, in less than a silk gown; and would blush to be seen in any but the finest linen, and laces of the newest fashion. When I have paid a visit to a family, I have oftentimes madam'd and madam'd, and sometimes ladyship'd, the nursery-maid for the mistress of the house; not to mention the impossibility of ever distinguishing the lady's woman from the lady herself; nay, I have heard, that the husband himself sometimes mistakes the former for the latter, and is not convinced of his unfortunate error till he sees them both together in the morning.

To rise a little higher.—The several apprentices and journeymen in this metropolis would find gold to be as troublesome to them, as to the aforesaid king of Phrygia, if they were not to keep a gelding standing idle in the stable six days in the week, to convey them to Windsor, Richmond, or Hampton-court, on the seventh: and if the charitable innkeepers, at these several places, do not ease them of their load, they are under the necessity of imploring the assistance of the humane tavern-keepers about Covent-Garden; and if they do not succeed here, they make their last attempt on some certain honest pimps, by whose friendly aid they would be sure to be relieved, if, like Midas himself, they could turn every thing into gold.

The honest, industrious tradesman finds himself hard put to it, to keep himself

from growing too rich; though he complains much of trade being slack, and taxes grievously heavy. He keeps as good a table as he can, eats of the best, not only upon its first coming into season, but, where he can, before. Porter, though served in silver tankards, is left to those labouring men whose name it bears; and punch, made of malt spirits, under the name of brandy; or cyder, malt spirits, and Alicant, under the name of Port wine, is substituted in its room, merely on account of the price. His wife and children are not wanting to assist him in carrying his grand point. But if the additional aid of silk-mercers, lace-chambers, milliners, mantua-makers, and toyshop-keepers, (who are never backward in their kind endeavours on these occasions) and also the expences at the opera, the play-houses, subscription-concerts, Kane-lagh, Vauxhall, Marybone, Sadler's Wells, &c. cannot prevent this evil of being over rich; the prudent man, seeing no hopes of relief in town, turns his eyes towards the country, and, as his last effort, takes a decent box of four or six rooms on a floor, adds another horse to old Ball, turns his chaise into a chariot, and, by having two families instead of one, makes a shift to keep his wealth tolerably under.

The merchants complain of great losses of ships, insurance heavy, foreign commissions scarce, and almost a total stop put to trade, owing, in a great measure, to the misunderstanding that has for some time subsisted between this country and America. Still I find they are so immensely rich, that it requires greater parts, and more ingenuity, to spend their money, than to get it. A merchant's house is a palace, though built in a place fit for a dog-kennel; it is a jewel in a dunghill: his furniture is costly, his servants numerous, his table magnificent, his wines expensive: he has his villa; drives six bays; keeps a pack of dogs, a stud of brood mares; never misses Newmarket, keeps open house; and, once in seven years, a seat in Parliament eases him of ten thousand pounds: yet, with all his endeavours, the poor man has still more money than he can spend. Nor can it be supposed, that his lady wife and his dutiful children do not do their utmost to ease him of some of the load; and no doubt but my lady's pin-money, her rich jewels, her separate equipage, her visits abroad, and her visiting-days at home, together with his sons extravagance, while he is upon his travels through France and Italy, or through the more expensive city of London, must be

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no small relief to him. Yet all will not do: for when every body thinks he is not worth a guinea, he is as rich as ever, and does not abate one jot of his industry to curtail his wealth. The desire of these merchants to keep down their wealth, which flows in so fast upon them, is so great, that he who has been so successful as to get rid of his own, thinks he cannot do a greater piece of service for a friend labouring to the same purpose, than to spend for him as fast as he can; and accordingly, when you find a man becomes a bankrupt, you hear that he has spent six times as much money of other peoples, as he had himself. In a word there is not one trader or merchant in a hundred, who does not take more pains to avoid being too rich, than to keep his name out of the Gazette.

Before I proceed to consider the superior class of people, I mean those of quality fashion, let us take a view of the three professions of divinity, law, and physic; and we shall find that the same dread of growing too rich has an equal influence over the actions of many of the members. With respect to the first profession, the instances, indeed, are not so frequent; as the greater part of our clergy, to the shame of this country be it said, are as poor as they pretend to be. But from what other principle can it arise, that some, who are well preferred in the church, are induced to keep pace with the luxurious laity in their elegancies of living, but that they are willing to run away from their abundance? Nay, on what other account can it happen, that the pastor of a tabernacle has his nag-tail bays and elegant post-chariot, but that he may reduce himself to the same indigence with that of his flock?

The young student of the law complains of his short allowance, and the curmudgeon temper of old Square-toes, his father. Yet would he be too rich, if it were not for the assistance of taylors, barbers, plays, taverns, pimps, bagnios, &c. and the young counfel, though he scarce gets half a guinea in a term for a single motion, must roll down to Westminster in a gilt chariot; he must never dine in the hall, but pay a guinea for his ordinary at the other end of the town; and though he says he cannot afford to marry, he is obliged to keep a mistres, for fear of being as miserably rich as his father.

The physician of practice, as well as he who can live without it, and drives only from the coffee-house to the bookseller's, and from the bookseller's to the coffee-house, to keep up the appearance of busi-

ness, takes the same pains to prevent a superfluity of wealth. Else why must the one have two or three fellows behind a superb vehicle, as fine as my lord-mayor's coach, or a foreign ambassador's, and the other not be contented to let himself in and out of his chariot, like an apothecary? Why do they prescribe abstinence, or a spare diet, to their patients, yet indulge in all the delicacies of luxury themselves, if they did not hold it necessary, by a plentiful evacuation, to prevent a plethora, or too great a fulness, in their puries?

To come now to the nobility and superior gentry.—What shall we think, when I tell you, though few of them pretend they can give a real security for a thousand pounds; though they talk of their estates being mortgaged up to the hilt, their tenants breaking, repairs excessive; and even carry the farce of pretended poverty so far, as to drive up and down the city of London, to borrow one hundred pounds at any rate of interest or premium; yet no nobility in any country are so opulent: They live like princes, in their palaces; in the number and magnificence of their equipages, they vie with their monarchs; their retinue equals his body guard: the routes of the ladies of fashion are not less crowded than a birth-day at court. The splendor of the nobility is not less in the country, where they have so many seats in their own hands, that they scarce reside a month in one place; and it is not uncommon to hear of a single entertainment costing 1000l. and that 20,000l. depends on a single match at Newmarket. Yet all this is so far from keeping their overgrown fortunes within any bounds, that we find, when the heir-apparent assists his noble father, by doubling the expence, all will not do, unless he calls in the aid of Arthur's; and then, if the noble lord has an opportunity of discharging, before breakfast, an immense debt of honour, contracted by his son, the last night, after supper; and if her ladyship, at her own route, plays as ill as her son; the family estate becomes less burthensome, and no uneasiness is felt on that account for some time.

To conclude---The paradox which I have laid down is not confined to individuals, but it prevails in the whole collective body. A national bankruptcy has been the language even of the senate for these many years. You hear every day, that the public funds cannot bear any additional load without breaking; and it is universally believed impossible for the ministry to raise the next supplies; yet the national

national money is squandered away with as much profusion as if it flowed from an inexhaustible source.

Thus you see, that notwithstanding the universal complaint of poverty among us, every one seems to be so encumbered with

an excess of wealth, as to employ all imaginable means to ease himself of the load. I shall not attempt to account why our actions differ so much from our words, but leave it to be resolved by some future estimator of the manners of the times.

A remarkable Instance of FORTITUDE and AFFECTION.

From Mons. Bossu's New Voyages to the EAST-INDIES.

THE world has ever considered with the highest veneration, those who have devoted themselves to death for the glory, or safety, of their country and friends.

Regulus, Leonidas, the six famous burghers of Calais, with other great examples which occur in history, have in all ages been justly admired, as displaying the greatest nobleness of soul; whilst many particulars of their history have been esteemed fabulous by critics, as beyond the powers of human resolution; and yet, in the history of those people, whom we call savages, and whom we are too apt indiscriminately to treat with contempt, and consider as incapable of any sentiment above the level of the animal creation; in these we often find instances of greatness of mind which would do honour to the heroism and patriotism of the greatest and most polished nations. Perhaps the following interesting anecdote cannot be paralleled in ancient or modern history: it happened about twelve years ago in the neighbourhood of New Orleans, and may be considered as authentic, being communicated by M. Bossu, an officer of distinction, who then enjoyed a considerable command in that country.

" The tragical death of an Indian of the Collapissas nation, (says this gentleman) who sacrificed himself for his country and son, I have often admired as displaying the greatest heroism, and placing human nature in the noblest point of view. A Chactaw Indian having one day exposed himself in the most reproachful terms of the French, and called the Collapissas their dogs and their slaves, one of this nation, exasperated at his injurious expressions, laid him dead on the spot. The Chactaws, the most numerous and the most warlike tribe on that continent, immediately flew to arms; they sent deputies to New Orleans to demand from the French governor the head of the savage, who had fled to him for protection: the governor offered presents as an atonement,

but they were rejected with disdain; they threatened to extirminate the whole tribe of the Collapisas. To pacify this fierce nation, and prevent the effusion of blood; it was at length found necessary to deliver up the unhappy Indian. The Sieur Fer-
rand, commander of the German posts, on the right of the Mississippi, was charged with this melancholy commission; a rendezvous was in consequence appointed between the settlement of the Collapisas and the German posts, where the mournful ceremony was conducted in the following manner:

" The Indian victim, whose name was Tichou Mingo (i. e. servant to the Ca-
cique or prince) was produced. He rose
up, and agreeable to the custom of the
people, harangued the assembly to the
following purpose: ' I am a true man;
that is to (ay, I fear not death: but I la-
ment the fate of my wife, and four infant
children, whom I leave behind in a very
tender age; I lament too my father and
mother, whom I have long maintained by
hunting: them, however, I recommend to
the French; since, on their account, I
now fall a sacrifice.'

" Scarce had he finished this short and pathetic harangue, when the old father, struck with the filial affection of the son, arose, and thus addressed himself to the audience : ' My son is doomed to death ; but he is young and vigorous, and more capable than me to support his mother, his wife, and four infant children : it is necessary then that he remain upon earth to protect and provide for them : as for me, who draw towards the end of my career, I have lived long enough ; may my son attain to my age, that he may bring up my tender infants : I am no longer good for any thing : a few years more or less, are to me of small moment : I have lived as a man ; I will die as a man : I therefore take the place of my son.'

"At these words, which expressed his paternal love and greatness of soul in the most touching manner, his wife, his son,

all imagined the load, why our words, the future times.

ain; they whole tribe of this fierce to deliver Sieur Fer- posts, on was charged ; a ren- pointed be- pissas and mournful following

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short and bold father, of the son, self to the led to death ; and more is mother, children : it is on earth to as for me, my career, may my son bring up longer good ore or less, have lived than : I there- expressed his foul in the life, his son,

his daughter-in-law, and the little infants, melted into tears around this brave, this generous old man : he embraced them for the last time, exhorted them to be ever faithful to the French, and to die rather than betray them by any mean treachery unworthy of his blood. 'My death (concluded he) I consider as necessary for the safety of my nation, and I glory in the sacrifice.' Having thus delivered himself, he presented his head to the kinsman of the deceased Chaftaw ; they accepted it ; (for the Indian nations follow the law of retaliation : death they consider as an atonement for death ; and it is sufficient that it be of the same nation, although even he should not be a kinsman : they except none but slaves) : he then extended himself over the trunk of a tree, when, with a hatchet, they severed his head from his body.

"By this sacrifice, all animosities were forgotten ; but one part of the ceremony remained still to be performed : the young

Indian was obliged to deliver to the Chaftaws the head of his father : in taking it up, he addressed to it these few words : 'Pardon me your death, and remember me in the world of spirits.'

"The French who assisted at this tragedy, could not contain their tears, whilst they admired the heroic constancy of this venerable old man, whose resolution bore a resemblance to that of the celebrated Roman orator, who, in the time of the triumvirate, was concealed by his son : the young man was most cruelly tortured, in order to force him to discover his father, who, not being able to endure the idea, that a son so virtuous and so generous should thus suffer on his account, went and presented himself to the murderers, and begged them to kill him, and save his son ; the son conjured them to take his life, and spare the age of his father ; but the soldiers, more barbarous than the savages, butchered them both on the spot."

A N E C D O T E S.

The CONNOISSEUR and COXCOMB.

A Certain Painter of Athens, who exercised his art, with a view to gain reputation, rather than from the love of gain, addressed himself to a Connoisseur for his opinion of one of his pictures, which represented the god Mars. The Connoisseur could not dissemble : he found the piece defective ; he objected particularly to the too great appearance of art that reigned through the whole. The Painter defended himself with all the warmth of an inordinate self-love ; the Critic answered his arguments, but without producing conviction.

In the mean time arrives the Coxcomb, who casts his eye upon the picture, and, without giving himself a moment's time to reflect, cries out, "Gods ! what a master-piece ! Mars lives, breathes, terrifies in this admirable production ! Observe those feet, those nails : what a taffe, what air of grandeur in the helmet, the shield, and in the whole armour of the terrible Deity !" The Painter blushed, and beheld the true Connoisseur with a look of confusion and conviction ; and said to him, "I am now persuaded that your judgement is well founded." The Coxcomb retired, and the consequence was, that the picture was effaced.

[*St. James's Mag.*]

HONOUR and WEALTH compared.

LORD B—— is not the first man in the world that ever wished to possess a fine woman with a sweetener of fifty thousand. He had cultivated an acquaintance with Miss H——w——d, daughter to the banker of that name, and on waiting on the father to request his permission to pay his addresses to her, had the pleasure to find his proposals highly approved of by the old gentleman ; who, in the course of the conversation, hinted that he conceived his Lordship's fortune was at least equivalent to his daughter's. "Why no, Mr. H——, (replies my Lord) I cannot say it is altogether so considerable, but then you know, Sir, there is my blood." "O d—— your blood, (returns old Frazer, without any hesitation) if you squander my daughter's fortune away, the maid not depend on your blood for a subsistence."

[*Sent. Mag.*]

The POWER of CUSTOM.

THERE is nothing absurd, of which a man may not be guilty, when he has resigned himself to the power of Prejudice, or of Custom. When a sovereign of Japan dies, there are generally fifteen or twenty of his subjects, who, in order to evince their loyalty, rip up their bellies, and

and follow him into the other world. On such occasions, he who gives himself the deepest wound, acquires the highest glory. In the valuable compilation of Thevenot, we find the following singular Anecdote: Two officers belonging to the emperor of Japan, having met upon the imperial stair-case, their swords happened to entangle. Words arose of court. One of them, however, would have excused himself, by imputing the affair to accident; adding, that the quarrel was between the two swords, and that the one was as good as the other. We shall see that presently, returned his adversary; and with these words he drew his weapon, and plunged it into his heart. The other, impatient to obtain the same advantage, hurried away, in order to serve up to the Emperor, who was at table, a plate he happened to have in his hands, and instantly returned to his antagonist, who was already at the point of death. On enquiring if he was yet alive, he also plunged his sword into his heart. "You should not have had the start of me (said he) if you had not found me engaged in the service of the Prince. I die, however, contented; since I have had the glory to convince you, that my sword is as good as yours."

An Englishman, in reading this Anecdote, will shrug up his shoulders at the folly of these two Orientals, and, perhaps, the next hour will expose his life to the sword of a bravo, in order to revenge an imaginary insult.

[*West. Mag.*]

The FORCE of PREJUDICE.

WHEN Prejudice is once established, in vain does Reason re-assert her rights. Few people can judge for themselves; no wonder that *names* have, in all ages, made more impression than *things*.

When the Fables of La Motte appeared, it was fashionable in France to despise them. One evening, at an entertainment given by the Prince de Vendome, several of the first critics of the kingdom made themselves exceedingly merry at the expence of the author. Voltaire happened to be present: "Gentlemen (said he) I perfectly agree with you." What a difference is there between the style of La Motte, and the style of La Fontaine! Have you seen the new edition of the latter?—The company answered in the negative. "Then you have not read that beautiful fable of his, which was found among the papers of the Duke of Bouillon." He accordingly repeated it to them. Every

one present was charmed, transported with it. "Here (said they) is the true spirit of La Fontaine. Here is Nature in her simplicity. What *gracie*, what grace!"— "Gentlemen, (resumed Voltaire) you will find this Fable among those of La Motte." Confusion took possession of all but Voltaire, who was happy in exposing the folly of these pretended judges.

[*West. Mag.*]

AVARICE in the EXTREME.

MONS. Vadille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, and maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret, allowing her only seven sous per week, or a penny per day. His usual diet was bread and milk, and for indulgence, some poor four wine on a Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being 1s. id. a year, which he cast up; and after his death his extensive charity amounted to 43s. 4d. This prudent economist had been a magistrate at Boulogne, where he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general of the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at the same time that he regulated the goodness of milk. When he had a call to Paris, he travelled on foot, and to prevent being robbed, took no more than three-pence to carry him 130 miles.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the feed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands; which made this connoisseur say, Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves.

In the summer of 1765, (when he was worth 7 or 800,000l.) he stole several logs of wood, and loaded himself with them to his hiding-hole, by which he contracted a fever; he then sent for a poor barber to bleed him, who undertook to open a vein for 3d. a time. He asked the barber how many times he should be bled, and what quantity of blood he should take; and being told three times, and eight ounces each;—"then take (said he) the whole quantity at once, which will save me expense." The barber expostulated in vain; he lost 24 ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving his vast treasures to the king.

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The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. I. *Lord Chesterfield's Letters, continued
from our last month's review.*

THE second volume of these elegant and entertaining letters, like the first, abounds with such a variety of tempting flowers, that we are bewildered in the multiplicity, and at a loss which to select for the nosegay of the present month.

This literary collection is not, however, in all respects, to be compared to those beautiful gardens, in which we meet only with the most valuable flowers, and the choicest fruits. On a closer inspection, we are sorry to observe among them, some of the rankest weeds, and most noxious plants*, which we cannot but view with disgust and surprize: for how shall we account for their appearance among those admirable productions to which they are in their nature so heterogeneous, and so disgraceful? That Lord Chesterfield should happen to disseminate the seeds of this baseless crop, may not seem altogether strange to those who knew him to have been, what a witty lady once facetiously styled him, "a gentleman of easy virtue," but that the Fair Gardener, who undertook the care and culture of the foil, should suffer them to grow in it, is matter of amazement to us.

The exceptionable passages here chiefly alluded to, are those in which Lord C. in the excesses of his solicitude left his son should be unnaturally insensible to the calls of pleasure, and too much addicted to books or to busines, avishes, may prefer him to female attachments. We have not the least objection to any of those agreeable attentions to the fair, which perhaps equally contribute to the polishing and refinement of both sexes; nor are we at all inclined to controvert his Lordship's maxim,—that "the concurrence of the two sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the formation of it." But when this noble, modern Aristippus comes to recommend to his young disciple so unrestrained an indulgence of his inclinations as the invasion of another man's bed, we start with astonishment, and view the seductive, licentious counsellor with horror. The reader shall see that we have but too much ground for this severity of stricture.

"—A proper, I am assured that Madam de Biot—is excessively pretty,—and yet has been scrupulously constant to her husband,

* The richer the soil, the more fruitful of weeds, is a trite but true observation.

† Mrs. Stanhope, who committed these letters to the press.

MISCELL. V. 2. II.

though she has now been married above a year. Surely she does not reflect, that woman wants polishing. I would have you polish one another reciprocally. Force, affiduities, attentions, tender looks, and passionate declarations, on your side, will produce some irresolute wishes, at least, on hers; and when even the slightest wishes arise, the rest will soon follow." Lett. xxx. addressed to Mr. Stanhope at Paris, 1751.

Let not the prevailing modes of gallantry in France be urged in excuse for this fatherly piece of advice to a young man of fashion, sent thither to compleat his education, and acquire *les manières, les agréments, les grâces*, to perfection.—Are CHASTITY, HONOUR, and VIRTUE to be sacrificed to such refinements? rather perish, for ever, the *agréemens* and the *grâces* of Lord Chesterfield, and his Lordship's fame and memory with them!

Chiefly for the sake of a parliamentary anecdote, which will be acceptable to our more scientific readers, we shall present them with the following part of a letter:

"I acquainted you in a former letter, that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian; and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you more particular account of that affair; from which reflexions will naturally occur to you that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory the 13th corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic Powers of Europe, and afterwards adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion, very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company; the inconvenience of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skillful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began: I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter; and also, to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon

have

have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them, as astronomy; and they would have understood me full as well: so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please, instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, annulling them now and then with little episodes; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed; they thought I informed, because I pleased them; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers in Europe, spoke afterwards, with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter could admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance, were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, tho' most unjustly, given to me. This will ever be the case; every numerous assembly is *mob*, let the individuals who compose it be what they will. Mere reason and good sense is never to be talked to a mob; their passions, their sentiments, their sensess, and their seeming interests, are alone to be applied to. Understanding they have collectively none; but they have ears and eyes, which must be flattened and seduced; and this can only be done by eloquence, tuneful periods, graceful action, and all the varibus parts of oratory.

"When you come into the House of Commons, if you imagine that speaking plain and undorned sense and reason will do your business, you will find yourself most grossly mistaken. As a speaker, you will be ranked only according to your eloquence, and by no means according to your matter; every body knows them the matter almost alike, but few can adorn it. I was early convinced of the importance and powers of eloquence; and from that moment I applied myself to it. I resolved not to utter one word, even in common conversation, that should not be the most expressive, and the most elegant, that the language could supply me with for that purpose; by which means I have acquired such a certain degree of habitual eloquence, that I must now really take some pains, if I would express myself very inelegantly. I want to inculcate this known truth into you, which you seem by no means to be convinced of yet, that ornaments are at present your only objects. Your sole business now is to shine, not to weigh. Weight without lustre is lead. You had better talk trifles elegantly, to the most trifling woman, than coarse inelegant sense, to the most solid man. You had better return a dropped fan genteelly, than give a thousand pounds awkwardly: and you had better receive a favour gracefully, than grant it clumsy. Manner

is all, in every thing; it is by manner only that you can please, and consequently rise. All your Greek will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your manner, your air, if good, very probably may. Marcell can be of much more use to you than Aristotle. I would, upon my word, much rather that you had Lord Bolingbroke's style and eloquence, in speaking and writing, than all the learning of the Academy of Sciences, the Royal Society, and the two universities united."

Our readers will, by this time, be ready to conclude, that Lord C's passion for pleasing had entirely taken possession of the whole man; and they will not be mistaken. He did not, indeed, make any secret of his extreme devotion to *les bienséances*. In his forty-first letter he has, himself, curiously and frankly developed this principal part of his character,

"As I open myself, without the least reserve, whenever I think that my doing so can be of any use to you, I will give you a short account of myself. When I first came into the world, (which was at the age you are of now, so that (by the way) you have got the start of me in that important article by two or three years at least) at nineteen, I left the university of Cambridge, where I was an absolute pedant; when I talked my best, I quoted Horace; when I aimed at being facetious, I quoted Martial; and when I had a mind to be a fine gentleman, I talked Ovid. I was convinced that none but the ancients had common sense; that the classics contained every thing that was either necessary, useful, or ornamental to men; and I was not without thoughts of wearing the *toga virilis* of the Romans, instead of the vulgar and illiberal dress of the moderns. With these excellent notions, I went first to the Hague, where, by the help of several letters of recommendation, I was soon introduced into all the best company, and where I very soon discovered, that I was totally mistaken in almost every one notion I had entertained. Fortunately, I had a strong desire to please, (the mixed result of good-nature, and a vanity by no means blameable) and was sensible, that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the turn of conversation of all those whom I found to be the people in fashion, and most generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another, whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself, the *de très narre* grace, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confidé, and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them

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them to try their skill in forming. By these means, and with a passionate desire of pleaseing every body, I came by degrees to please some; and I can assure you, that what little figure I have made in the world, has been much more owing to that passionate desire I had of pleasing universally, than to any intrinsic merit or sound knowledge I might ever have been master of. My passion for pleasing was so strong, (and I am very glad it was so) that I own to you fairly, I wished to make every woman I saw in love with me, and every man I met with, admire me. Without this passion for the object, I should never have been so attentive to the means; and I own I cannot conceive how it is possible for any man of good-nature and good sense to be without this passion. Does not good-nature incline us to please all those we converse with, of whatever rank or station they may be? And does not good sense, and common observation, shew of what infinite use it is to please? Oh! but one may please by the good qualities of the heart, and the knowledge of the head, without that fashionable air, address, and manner, which is mere trifling. I deny it. A man may be esteemed and respected, but I defy him to please without them. Moreover, at your age, I would not have contented myself with barely pleasing; I wanted to shine and to distinguish myself in the world as a man of fashion and gallantry, as well as busines. And that ambition or vanity (call it what you please) was a right one; it hurt nobody, and made me exert whatever talents I had. It is the spring of a thousand right and good things."

The following letter on the knowledge of men and books, is dated Bath, Oct. 4, 1766.

" Dear boy,

" Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess, I have often my doubts, whether it is to any purpose, I know how unwelcome advice generally is; I know that those who want it most, like it and follow it least; and I know too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, the imperiousness, or the garrulity of old age. But then, on the other hand, I flatter myself, that as your own reason (though too young as yet to suggest much to you of it) is, however, strong enough to enable you, both to judge of, and receive plain truths; I flatter myself, I say, that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you, that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well; in which case some of it will, I hope, have its effect. Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too: And do not apprehend, that I mean to check your pleasures; of which, on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way in the progress of your youth.

of those thorns and briars, which, scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine. I do not, therefore, so much as hint to you, how absolutely dependant you are upon me; that you neither have, nor can have, a shilling in the world but from me; and that, as I have no womanish weakness for your person, your merit must, and will, be the only measure of my kindness. I say, I do not hint these things to you, because I am convinced that you will act right upon more noble and generous principles: I mean for the sake of doing right, and out of affection and gratitude to me:

" I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties; but I point them out to you, as conducive, nay absolutely, necessary to your pleasures; for can there be a greater pleasure than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life? And consequently, can there be any thing more mortifying than to be excelled by them. In this latter case, your shame and regret must be greater than any body's, because every body knows the uncommon care which has been taken of your education, and the opportunities you have had of knowing more than others of your age. I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others, (though that is a very sensible pleasure, and a very warrantable pride) but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself: For, in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of any thing gives neither satisfaction nor credit, but often brings disgrace or ridicule.

Mr. Pope says, very truly,

" A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,
" Drink deep, or taste not the Caftalian
" spring."

And what is called a "smattering" of every thing inailably constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself at this age without them? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sitting away the evenings; or, by wasting them trifolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women; or lastly, I must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. My books, and only my books are now left me; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true: *Hac studia, (says he) adolescentiam alunt, se-
neciam solvant, fecundas res erunt, aduersas
perfigunt, ac solitum prabunt, dilectione don-
ant impudentem feris, perniciem nobiscum, per-
grinoribus, ruficuntur.*

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"I do not mean by this, to exclude conversation out of the pleasures of an advanced age; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleasure at all ages; but the conversation of the ignorant is no conversation, and gives even them no pleasure: They tire of their own sterility, and have not matter enough to furnish them with words to keep up a conversation.

"Let me, therefore, most earnestly recommend to you, to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge; for though, during the dissipation of your youth, you may not have occasion to spend much of it: yet, you may depend upon it, that a time will come, when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years; not that it is known that the next, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one; but because it is known, that, sooner or later such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

"I will say no more to you upon this subject; you have Mr. Harte with you to enforce it; you have reason to assent to the truth of it; so that, in short, 'you have Moses and the prophets; if you will not believe them, neither will you believe, tho' one rose from the dead.'—Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I so much recommend to you, is confined to books, pleasing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is. But I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another reciprocally; and no man will have either perfectly, who hath not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it to you; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might otherwise escape you; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with that which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

"To know mankind well requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more sagacity and discernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now, than they did at fifteen. Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies: No, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has one prevailing one, to which the others are subordinate. Search every one for that ruling passion; pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust

him, where that passion is concerned. Work upon him by it, if you please; but be upon your guard yourselves against it, whatever professions he may make you."

2. *Sketches of the History of Man, 2 Vols. 4to. 11, 16s. Boards. Cadell.*

WITHOUT pestifering the acute discernment of Protagoras, every reader of taste will immediately discover that the Sketches before us flow from the pencil of an Apelles. Deeply skilled in human nature, this writer passes mankind in review before him, discriminating whole nations and individuals from their most savage condition, to the highest stages of culture, civilization, and luxury, by nice characteristical touches which had escaped preceding moralists. Lord Kaymes, of the Court of Session in Scotland, in his ingenious Elements of Criticism, had so clearly exposed to view all the human passions and faculties, as could not fail to excite an appetite in the public for every thing proceeding from the hands of so great a master in philosophy. Nor has he in these volumes altogether disappointed expectation.

"The following work, (says he, in his preface) is the substance of various speculations, that occasionally amused the author, and enlivened his leisure hours. It is not intended for the learned, they are above it; nor for the vulgar, they are below it; it is intended for men, who, equally removed from the corruption of opulence, and from the depression of bodily labour, are bent on useful knowledge; who, even in the delirium of youth, feel the dawn of patriotism, and who in riper years enjoy its meridian warmth. To such men this work is dedicated; and that they may profit by it, is the author's ardent wish, and probably will be while any spirit remains in him to form a wish.

"May not he hope, that this work, child of his grey hairs, will survive, and bear testimony for him to good men, that even a laborious calling, which left him not many leisure-hours, never banished from his mind, that he would little deserve to be of the human species, were he indifferent about his fellow-creatures:

Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.

"Most of the subjects handled in the following sheets, admit but of probable reasoning; which is not a little slippery, as with respect to many reasonings of that kind, it is difficult to pronounce, what degree of conviction they ought to produce. It is easy to form plausible arguments; but to form such as will stand the test of time, is not always easy. I could amuse the reader with numerous examples of conjectural arguments, which, fair at a distant view, vanish like a cloud on a near approach. In the first sketch of this book, not to go farther, he will find recorded more than one example. The dread

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dread of being misled by such arguments, filled the Author with anxiety; and after his utmost attention, he can but faintly hope, that he has not often wandered far from truth.

" Above thirty years ago, he began to collect materials for a natural history of man; and in the vigour of youth, did not think the undertaking too bold, even for a single hand. He has discovered of late that his utmost abilities are scarce sufficient for executing a few imperfect sketches."

Our Author divides his work into three books, the first of which is introduced with the curious enquiry, " whether there be different races of men, or whether all men be of one race, without any difference but what proceeds from climate or other accidental causes;" his lordship concluding, in opposition to Ray, Montesquieu, Buffon, and even the sacred writings themselves, that men are of different races, fitted by nature for the different climates, situations, and circumstances in which they are placed. He refutes with humour and sharpness that artificial rule proposed by Mr. Ray, and adopted by Mons. Buffon, for distinguishing the different species of animals, viz. " That animals which procreate together, and whose issue can also procreate, are of the same species." He treats with ridicule the division of animals given by Linnaeus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist. Montesquieu himself, that illustrious and profound writer and philosopher, escapes not with impunity, because he too had adopted the vulgar opinion, that all men are sprung from one original stock, deriving from climate, food, and other accidents, all those varieties which discriminate nations.

After combating with keen weapons the above theory, our learned author ventures to propose a theory of his own, which he explains in the following manner :

" Plants, says he, were created of different kinds to fit them for different climates, and so were brute animals. Certain it is, that all men are not fitted equally for every climate. There is scarce a climate but what is natural to some men, where they prosper and flourish; and there is not a climate but where some men degenerate. Dost not then analogy lead us to conclude, that as there are different climates on the face of this globe, so there are different races of men fitted for these different climates?"

" But the argument I chiefly rely on is, That were all men of one species, there never could have existed, without a miracle, different kinds, such as exist at present.

" There is another argument that appears also to have weight : Horses, with respect to size, shape, and spirit, differ widely in different climates. But let a male and a female of whatever climate be carried to a country where horses are in perfection, their progeny will improve gradually, and will acquire in time the perfection of their kind. Is not this a proof, that all horses are of one kind? If

so, men are not all of one kind; for if a White mix with a Black in whatever climate, or a Hottentot with a Samoiede, the result will not be either an improvement of the kind, or the contrary; but a mongrel breed differing from both parents. It is thus ascertained beyond any rational doubt, that there are different races or kinds of men, and that these races or kinds are naturally fitted for different climates : whence we have reason to conclude, that originally each kind was placed in its proper climate, whatever change may have happened in later times by war or commerce.

" There is a remarkable fact that confirms the foregoing conjectures. As far back as history goes, or tradition is kept alive by history, the earth was inhabited by savages divided into many small tribes, each tribe having a language peculiar to itself. Is it not natural to suppose, that these original tribes were different races of men, placed in proper climates, and left to form their own language?

" Upon summing up the whole particulars mentioned above, would one hesitate a moment to adopt the following opinion, were there no counterbalancing evidence, viz. " That God created many pairs of the human race, differing from each other both externally and internally : that he fitted these pairs for different climates, and placed each pair in its proper climate ; that the peculiarities of the original pairs were preserved entire in their descendants ; who, having no assistance but their natural talents, were left to gather knowledge from experience, and in particular were left (each tribe) to form a language for itself ; that signs were sufficient for the original pairs, without any language but what nature suggests ; and that a language was formed gradually, as a tribe increased in numbers and in different occupations to make speech necessary ?" But this opinion, however plausible, we are not permitted to adopt, being taught a different lesson by revelation, viz. That God created but a single pair of the human species. Though we cannot doubt of the authority of Moses, yet his account of the creation of man is not a little puzzling, as it seems to contradict every one of the facts mentioned above. According to that account, different races of men were not formed, nor were men formed originally for different climates. All men must have spoken the same language, viz. that of our first parents. And what of all seems the most contradictory to that account is the savage state : Adam, as Moses informs us, was endowed by his Maker with an eminent degree of knowledge ; and he certainly was an excellent preceptor to his children and their progeny, among whom he lived many generations. Whence then the degeneracy of all men unto the savage state? To account for that dismal catastrophe, mankind must have suffered some terrible convulsion.

" That terrible convulsion is revealed to us in the history of the tower of Babel, contained in the 11th chapter of Genesis, which is, ' That for many centuries after the deluge, the earth was of one language and one speech: that they united to build a city on a plain in the land of Shinar, with a tower whose top might reach unto heaven; that the Lord beholding the people to be one, and to have all one language, and that nothing would be restrained from them which they imagined to do, confounded their language that they might not understand one another; and scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth.' Here light breaks forth in the midst of darkness. By confounding the language of men, and scattering them abroad upon the face of all the earth, they were rendered savages. And to harden them for their new habitations, it was necessary to divide them into different kinds, fitted for different climates. Without an immediate change of constitution, the builders of Babel could not possibly have subsisted in the burning region of Guinea, nor in the frozen region of Lapland, houses not being prepared, nor any other convenience to protect them against a destructive climate. Against this history it has indeed been urged, ' that the circumstances mentioned evince it to be purely an allegory; that men never were so frantic as to think of building a tower whose top might reach to heaven; and that it is grossly absurd, taking the matter literally, that the Almighty was afraid of men, and reduced to the necessity of saving himself by a miracle.' But that this is a real history, must necessarily be admitted, as the confusion of Babel is the only known fact that can reconcile sacred and profane history."

" And this leads us to consider the diversity of languages. If the common language of men had not been confounded upon their attempting the tower of Babel, I affirm, that there never could have been but one language. Antiquaries constantly suppose a migrating spirit in the original inhabitants of this earth; not only without evidence, but contrary to all probability. Men never desert their connections nor their country without necessity: fear of enemies and wild beasts, as well as the attraction of society, are more than sufficient to restrain them from wandering, not to mention that savages are peculiarly fond of their natal soil. The first migrations were probably occasioned by factions and civil wars; the next by commerce. Greece affords instances of the former, Phoenicia of the latter. Unless upon such occasions, members of a family or of a tribe will never retire farther from their fellows than is necessary for food; and by retiring gradually, they lose neither their connections nor their manners, nor let their language, which is in constant exercise. As far back as history carries us, tribes without number are discovered, each having a language peculiar to itself. Strabo reports, that the Albanians were di-

vided into several tribes, differing in external appearance, and in language. Caesar found in Gaul several such tribes; and Tacitus records the names of many tribes in Germany. There are a multitude of American tribes that to this day continue distinct from each other, and have each a different language. The mother-tongues at present, though numerous, bear no proportion to what formerly existed. We find original tribes gradually enlarging; by conquest frequently, and more frequently by the union of weak tribes for mutual defence. Such events promote one language instead of many. The Celtic tongue, once extensive, is at present confined to the Highlands of Scotland, to Wales, to Britany, and to a part of Ireland. In a few centuries, it will share the fate of many other original tongues: it will be totally forgotten.

" If men had not been scattered every where upon the confusion of Babel, another particular must have occurred, differing less from what has really happened than that now mentioned. As paradise is conjectured to have been situated in the heart of Asia, the surrounding regions, for the reason above given, must have been first peopled; and the civilization and improvements of the mother-country were undoubtedly carried along to every new settlement. In particular, the colonies planted in America, the South-Sea islands, and the *Terra Australis incognita*, must have been highly polished; because, being at the greatest distance, they were probably the latest. And yet these and other remote people, the Mexicans and Peruvians excepted, remain to this day in the original savage state of hunting and fishing.

" Thus, had not men wildly attempted to build a tower whose top might reach unto heaven, all men would not only have spoken the same language, but would have made the same progress toward maturity of knowledge and civilization. That deplorable event reversed all nature: by scattering men over the face of all the earth, it deprived them of society, and rendered them savages. From that state of degeneracy, they have been emerging gradually. Some nations, stimulated by their own nature, or by their climate, have made a rapid progress; some have proceeded more slowly; and some continue savages. To trace out that progress toward maturity in different nations, is the subject of the present undertaking."

Lord Kaymes proceeds in his second *Sketch* to treat of the progress of men with respect to food and population, from the first savage state of hunters, through the progressive stages of herdsmen, husbandmen, artisans, to the greatest refinements of political society; and the most striking observation we meet with on this subject is, that " *Cookery degenerates like a peacock*; because, when it becomes an art, it brings within the compass of one stomach what is sufficient for ten in days of tem-

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temperance; and is so far worse than a pestilence, that the people never recruit again."

The subject of the third Sketch, which is a very short one, is the *progress of men with respect to property*. And here our Author observes, that among the senses inherent in the nature of man, the sense of property is eminent. By this sense wild animals, caught by labour or art, are perceived to belong to the hunter or fitter; they become his *property*; it is the foundation of *meum et tuum*, a distinction of which no human being is ignorant.

"The gradual progress, continues he, of this sense, from its infancy among savages to its maturity among polished nations, is one of the most entertaining articles that belong to the present undertaking. But as that article makes a part of Historical Law-Tracts, nothing remains for me but a few gleanings."

In the fourth Sketch he treats of the origin and progress of commerce, and his chief view in it is, to examine how far industry and commerce are affected by the quantity of circulating coin. In the course of what he advances upon this subject, he gives us his sentiments upon the following question, —Whether a Bank be upon the whole beneficial or hurtful to commerce?

"It is undoubtedly, says he, a spur to industry, like a new influx of money: but then, like such influx, it raises the price of labour and of manufactures. Weighing these two facts in a just balance, the result seems to be, that in a country where money is scarce, a bank properly constituted is a great blessing, as it in effect multiplies the specie, and promotes industry and manufactures; but that in a country which possesses money sufficient for an extensive trade, the only bank that will not hurt foreign commerce, is what is erected for supplying the merchant with ready money by discounting bills. At the same time, much caution and circumspection is necessary with respect to banks of both kinds. A bank erected for discounting bills, ought to be confined to bills really granted in the course of commerce; and ought to avoid, as much as possible, the being imposed on by fictitious bills drawn merely in order to procure a loan of money. And with respect to a bank purposely erected for lending money, there is great danger of extending credit too far, not only with respect to the bank itself and to its numerous debtors, but with respect to the country in general, by raising the price of labour and of manufactures, which is the never-failing result of too great plenty of money, whether coin or paper."

The fifth Sketch is divided into two sections, the first of which is a very entertaining one; the subject of it is — *the origin and progress of useful arts*. The following extract from it cannot fail of being acceptable to our readers.

"When Cesar invaded Britain, agriculture was unknown in the inner parts; the inhab-

bitants fed upon milk and flesh, and were cloathed with skins. Hollinshed, contemporary with Elizabeth of England, describes the rudeness of the preceding generation in the arts of life: "There were very few chimneys even in capital towns: the fire was laid to the wall, and the smoke issued out at the roof, or door, or window. The houses were wattled and plastered over with clay; and all the furniture and utensils were of wood. The people slept on straw-pallets, with a log of wood for a pillow." Henry II. of France, at the marriage of the Duchess of Savoy, wore the first silk stockings that were made in France. Queen Elizabeth, the third year of her reign, received in a present a pair of black silk knit stockings; and Dr. Howell reports, that she never wore cloth hose any more. Before the conquest there was a timber bridge upon the Thames between London and Southwark, which was repaired by King William Rufus, and was burnt by accident in the reign of Henry II. anno 1176. At that time a stone bridge in place of it was projected, but it was not finished till the year 1212. The bridge Notre-Dame over the Seine in Paris was first of wood. It fell down anno 1499; and as there was not in France a man who would undertake to rebuild it of stone, an Italian cordelier was employed, whose name was Jecome, the same upon whom Sanazarus made the following pun:

Ecce dux geminum impedit tibi, Sequana, pontem;
Hinc tu pare potes diversi pontificem.

The art of making glas was imported from France into England ann. 674, for the use of monasteries. Glas windows in private houses were rare even in the twelfth century, and held to be great luxury. King Edward III. invited three clockmakers of Delft in Holland to settle in England. In the former part of the reign of Henry VIII. there did not grow in England cabbage, carrot, turnip, or other edible root; and it has been noted, that even Queen Catharine herself could not command a salad for dinner, till the King brought over a gardener from the Netherlands. About the same time, the artichoke, the apricot, the damask rose, made their first appearance in England. Turkeys, carps, and hops, were first known there in the year 1524. The currant-shrub was brought from the island of Zant, ann. 1533; and in the year 1540, cherry-trees from Flanders were first planted in Kent. It was in the year 1563, that knives were first made in England. Pocket-watches were brought there from Germany ann. 1577. About the year 1580, coaches were introduced; before which time Queen Elizabeth on public occasions rode behind her chamberlain. A saw-mill was erected near London ann. 1633, but afterward demolished; that it might not deprive the labouring poor of employment. How crude was the science of politics even in that late age?

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"People who are ignorant of weights and measures fall upon odd shifts to supply the defect. Howel Dha, Prince of Wales, who died in the year 948, was their capital law-giver. One of his laws is, "If any one kill or steal the cat that guards the Prince's granary, he forfeits a milch ewe with her lamb; or as much wheat as will cover the cat when suspended by the tail, the head touching the ground." By the same lawgiver a fine of twelve cows is enacted for a rape committed upon a maid, and eighteen for a rape upon a matron. If the fact be proved after being denied, the criminal for his falsity pays as many shillings as will cover the woman's posterior." — *Crit. and M. Rev.*

[To be continued.]

3. *An Address to Protestant Dissenters, on the subject of giving the Lord's Supper to Children.*
By Joseph Priestly, LL. D. F. R. S. 11.

Dr. Priestly tells us, that the subject of his address was almost as new to himself, as it can be to any persons who meet with his publication. But having been more conversant with the ancient Christian writers, and also having met with Dr. Peirce's Essay on the subject, he says, he is now "on mature consideration, fully satisfied, that *infant communion*, as well as *infant baptism*, was the most ancient custom in the christian church, and therefore that the practice is of apostolical and consequently of divine authority."

After endeavouring to shew that this was the ancient and early practice of the church, he enquires how it came to be laid aside; and he concludes, that the denial of the cup to the laity, and refusing the Lord's Supper to infants, "had their rise from the same cause, and took place about the same time, and not till the doctrine of transubstantiation was fully established, which was about the twelfth century."

As children are early brought by considerate and serious parents or governors to attend public worship, by which means their minds are sometimes impressed with a notion of its obligation and importance, their future attendance is secured, and their *rational* and *voluntary* attachment to it accelerated; the same advantages the Doctor apprehends, must arise, if they were early brought to the Lord's Supper: Children, he supposes, would by this means become more the objects of attention both to their parents and the governors of churches; and young persons would probably be more established in the belief of christianity: "Having been from their infancy constantly accustomed to bear their part in all the rights of it, they would be more firmly attached to it, and less easily desert it.—When the practice of every thing *external* belonging to christianity is become habitual, the obligation, says he, to what is *internal*, will be more constantly and more sensibly felt." — *Monthly Review.*

4. *The Cave of Morar, the Man of Sorrow. A Legendary Tale.* In two Parts. 4to. 2s.

THERE is no small share of fancy and poetry in this tale, as the reader will perceive by the following analysis of it.—Edgar having married Emma, leaves her at the Cave of Morar, while he goes to fight against the Scots. Morar, who was then absent, finding Emma at his return in his cell, the relates to him at his request the story of her love to Edgar, as follows:

One day, she said, I stray'd along
The flow'ry banks of Rona's flood,
Charm'd by sweet Philomela's song,
That echo'd from a neighbour'ring wood.
The cheerful shepherd tun'd his reed,
The sportive flocks rejoic'd around,
And from the flow'r-befangled mead
Issu'd at once the pleasing sound.
Each rural object sweetly smil'd,
All nature wore the face of joy;
And long I roam'd thro' prospects wild,
Where strangers us'd not to annoy.
But Ratcliffe's son, who long had tried
To gain my youthful heart in vain,
Swift from the mountain's summit hied,
And met me on the lonely plain.
He warmly pref'st me to be kind,
He strove to clasp me in his arms,
But keen remembrance fill'd my mind,
I told him I despis'd his charms.
Yet still he breath'd his lawless flame,
And still I heard his vows with scorn;
When Edgar from the mountain came,
Edgar, whom Nature's charms adorn.
To him I freely told my tale,
I told the arts which Ratcliffe us'd,
How he attack'd me on the dale,
And modell'd Virtue's laws abus'd.
Brave Edgar heard, he curs'd the swain,
In my defence his spear he drew;
But ah! he drew his spear in vain,
For thro' the plain bate Ratcliffe flew.
Yet Edgar swore he'd check his pride,
He swore he'd have a just revenge,
And oft would watch on Woreham's side,
Where worthless Ratcliffe us'd to range.
And if he met the daftard youth,
He swore his treacherous heart should feel
The safeguard of the hero's truth,
The point of his avenging steel.
I thank'd him for his friendly aid,
I lov'd him for his dauntless foul,
And while we wander'd thro' the shade,
The sigh oft from my bosom stole,
To Maresham's hall we bent our way,
Where oft my honour'd Sire reforts,
In calm content to pass the day,
Or share the huntman's manly sports.
Edgar at his request remain'd
Three summer days in Maresham's vales,
By feats of arms my Sire he gain'd,
He won me by his artful tales.

My father bles'd the rising flame,
At Hymen's shrine he join'd our hands ;
And told the youth he then might claim
His wealth, his far-extended lands,
But Edgar, with expressive smile,
Refus'd the gift my Sire design'd ;
Be mine, he said, the Warrior's spoil,
Be mine the joy thy foes to bind ;
When the rough Scots, with lawless might,
Often victorious, threat the brave,
In thy defence let Edgar fight,
A higher boon he ne'er shall crave.
My father granted his request,
He prais'd him for his marchless zeal,
And warmly pres'd him to his breast,
When he remov'd from Mareham's vale.

A Pilgrim appears at the Cave, who informs Emma, that Edgar, deserted by his friends, had fallen in the field of battle, and had left him this command :

Go, Pilgrim, go to Morar's cell,
And give this sword to Emma's hand :
Tell her when pale distrests shall seize,
When she demands relief in vain,
This truly blade will give her ease,
And banish sorrow, grief and pain.—

Emma then seizes the sword, and is going to stab herself, but Edgar himself rushing in prevents her ; and convincing her that the pretended pilgrim's tale was false, he pursues the offender and kills him, who with his dying breath confesses himself to be Ratcliffe's son.

In the second part, old Morar relates to his guests his mournful story, which he concludes with acquainting them, that he had long lost his only son Edwin, whom he had entrusted to the care of his friend Alford, from whom he suddenly disappeared ; upon which Edgar suddenly exclaims :

You see him now, brave Edgar cried,
I am that son to much belov'd,
For Alford's care my wants supplied,
When youthful joys my bosom mov'd.
From him I learn'd the arts of peace,
He giv'd me nature's rural charms,
But I despis'd a life of ease,
And sought the fame acquir'd by arms.
I left his cot, I chang'd my name,
I sought to save my native land,
At last fair Emma bles'd my flame,
And crown'd my wishes with her hand.—

The poem concludes with the following ejaculation of Morar :

With wild surprize the Hermit heard,
And thus to heaven address'd a pray'r :
" Yes, yes, ye pow'rs, ye will reward
The man who triumphs over care !
" I thank you for my sorrows past,
" I thank you for my present joy ;
" And while my days of trial last,
" Let me my voice in praise employ."
Then in his arms he fondly pres'd
The happy pair he lov'd so well,
While many a tender look expres'd
The heart-felt joy which none can tell.

MISCELL. VOL. II.

5. *The Works of George Lord Lyttelton; formerly printed separately, and now first collected together: with some other pieces never before printed. Published by George Edward Atterbury, Esq. 1 vol. 4to.*

THIS volume contains his Lordship's observations on the Life of Cicero. Observations on the state of our affairs at home and abroad. Letters from a Persian in England to his friend at Ispahan. Observations on the conversion and apostleship of St. Paul. Dialogues of the Dead. Four Speeches in Parliament. Poems. Letters to Sir Thos. Lyttelton. And an account of a Journey into Wales.

Among the pieces never before printed are his Letters to his Father Sir Thos. Lyttelton, from which the following are selected.

LETTER IV.

" Dear Sir, Luneville, June 8, 1728.

" I heartily congratulate you upon your sister's marriage, and wish you may dispose of all your children as much to your satisfaction and their own. Would to God Mr. P— had a fortune equal to his brother's, that he might make a present of it to my pretty little M— ! but unhappily they will have neither of them any portion but an uncommon share of merit, which the world will not think them much the richer for. I condole with poor Mrs. — upon the abrupt departure of her intended husband : to be sure the takes it much to heart ; for the loss of an only lover, when a Lady is past three and twenty, is as afflicting as the loss of an only child after fifty-five.

You tell me my mother desires a particular journal of my travels, and the remarks I have made upon them, after the manner of the sage Mr. Bromley. Alas ! I am utterly unfit for so great a work ; my genius is light and superficial ; and lets slip a thousand observations which would make a figure in his book. It requires much industry and application, as well as a prodigious memory, to know how many houses there are in Paris ; how many vestments in a procession ; how many saints in the Romish calendar, and how many miracles to each Saint : and yet to such a pitch of exactness the curious Travellers must arrive, who would imitate Mr. Bromley. Not to mention the pains he must be at in examining all the tombs in a great church, and faithfully transcribing the inscriptions, though they had no better author than the sexton or curate of the parish. For my part, I was so shamefully negligent as not to set down how many crosses are in the road from Calais to Luneville ; nay I did not so much as take an inventory of the reliques in the churches I went to see. You may judge by this what a poor account I shall give you of my travels, and how ill the money is bestowed that you spend upon them. But, however, if my dear mother insists upon it, I shall have so much complaisance for the curiosity natural to her sex, as to write her

a short particular of what rareties I have seen; but of all ordinary spectacles, such as miracles, raree-shows, and the like, I beg her permission to be silent. I am, dear Sir, your dutiful son, &c. G. L."

LETTER V.

" Dear Sir, Luneville, July 21.
I thank you for so kindly forgiving the piece of negligence I acquainted you of in my last. Young fellows are often guilty of voluntary forgetfulness in those affairs; but, I assure you, mine was quite accidental. Mr. D— tells you true, that I am weary of losing money at cards; but it is no less certain that without them I shall soon be weary of Lorraine. The spirit of quadrille has possess the land; from morning till midnight there is nothing else in every house in town.

The Court is fond of strangers, but with a proviso that strangers love quadrille. Would you win the hearts of the Muses of Honour, you must lose your money at quadrille; would you be thought a well-bred man, you must play gently at quadrille; would you get a reputation of good sense, shew judgment at quadrille: however, in summer, one may contrive to pass a day without quadrille; because there are agreeable promenades, and little parties out of doors; but in the winter you are reduced to play at it, or sleep like a fly 'till the return of spring. Indeed in the morning the Duke hunts; but my majestic stars have so contrived it, that I am no more a sportman than a gamester. There are no men of learning in the whole country; on the contrary, it is a character they despise. A man of quality caught me the other day reading a Latin author, and asked me, with an air of contempt, whether I was designed for the church. All this would be tolerable, if I was not doomed to converse with a set of English who are still more ignorant than the French; and from whom, with my utmost endeavours, I cannot be absent six hours in the day. Lord — is the only one among them who has common sense; and he is so scandalously debauched in his principles, as well as practice, that his conversation is equally shocking to my morals and my reason.

My only improvement here is in the company of the Duke and Prince Craon, and in the exercise of the academy. I have been absent from the last near three weeks, by reason of a sprain I got in the sinews of my leg, which is not yet quite recovered. My duty to my dear mother; I hope you and she continue well. I am, Sir, your dutiful son, G. L."

LETTER VIII.

Soissons, Oct. 28.

" I thank you, my dear Sir, for complying so much with my inclinations, as to let me stay some time at Soissons; but, as you have not fixed how long, I wait for further orders. One of my chief reasons for disliking

Luneville, was the multitude of English there, who most of them were such worthless fellows, that they were a dishonour to the name and nation. With these I was obliged to dine and sup, and pass a great part of my time.

" You may be sure I avoided it as much as possible; but *malgré moi*, I suffered a great deal. To prevent any comfort from other people, they had made a law among themselves not to admit any foreigner into their company; so that there was nothing but English talked from June to January. On the contrary, my countrymen at Soissons are men of virtue and good sense; they mix perpetually with the French, and converse for the most part in that language. I will trouble you no more upon this subject; but give me leave to say, that, however capricious I may have been in other things, my sentiments in this particular are the surest proofs I ever gave you of my strong and hereditary aversion to vice and folly. Mr. Stanhope is always at Fontainebleau. I went with Mr. Poyntz to Paris for four days, when the Colonel was there to meet him: he received me with great civility and kindness. We have done expecting Mr. Walpole, who is obliged to keep strict guard over the Cardinal, for fear the German ministers should take him from us: they pull and haul the poor old gentleman so many ways, that he does not know where to turn, or into whose arms to throw himself.

Ripperda's escape to England will very much embroil affairs, which did not seem to want another obstacle to hinder them from coming to an accommodation. If the devil is not very much wanting to his own interests in this business, it is impossible that the good work of peace should go on much longer. After all, most young fellows are of his party, and with he may bring matters to a war; for they make but ill ministers at a congress, but would make good soldiers in a campaign.

No news from — and her beloved husband: their unreasonableness for each other can never last: they will soon grow as cold to one another as the town to the Beggar's Opera. Pray heaven I may prove a false prophet! but married love, and English music, are too domestic to continue long in favour.

My duty to my dear mother; I am glad she has no complaint. You say nothing relating to your own health, which makes me hope you are well. I as fondly love my brothers and sisters as if I was their parent.

There is no need of my concluding with a handsome period; you are above forced efforts of the head. I shall therefore end this letter with a plain truth of the heart, that I am,

Your most affectionate and dutiful son,
G. L."

S. Dr.

JULY,

1774.]

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

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6. Dr. Andrew's *History of the Revolution of Denmark*, 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

IN the appendix to this history, many interesting particulars are related of the Danish code of jurisprudence. The laws, we are informed, are remarkable for their plainness and brevity, and expressed with so much precision as to be easily understood. It is so common for individuals to transact their own private affairs, that for fifteen years there was only one notary public in all Copenhagen. One of the most remarkable Danish laws is that which respects the framing of testaments.

"The benevolent principles of the Danish laws, (says our author) have put it out of the power of men to injure each other by injudicious and arbitrary legacies. Whatever a man acquires or inherits, he has full power to enjoy personally, in the manner he pleases; but he is obliged, on his demise, to leave the distribution of it to the wisdom of his country.

"Numerous are the benefits resulting from this method of proceeding. It cannot certainly be supposed, that every individual should be endowed with a share of sagacity, sufficient to enable him to act an irreprehensible part in so nice and delicate an affair, as the making of a just and proper will. To prevent, therefore, those many errors, which persons of the best intentions, and even of the best understandings, are liable to commit, the judgment and experience of the public are, in a manner, brought to their assistance; and direct them how to avoid mistakes, and overcome difficulties. Thus an individual has the satisfaction of knowing, that should his decease happen before his affairs have been settled, still his possessions will fall into proper hands. This is not always the case, when the estates of such as die intestate, are given to what is denominated an heir at law. The spirit of the Danish laws approves not of this cruel monopoly; and indubitably searches out for as many inheritors as nature has appointed.

"In the mean time, to remove any complaint of the rigour and arbitrariness of the law, in such cases, the testator is indulged with a gratification of his particular wishes and inclinations, and even of his feebles, within certain limits. Thus every end is answered; justice is strictly done to all to whom it is due; peculiar connections are considered; even partiality is not wholly disappointed; and in this manner all parties are pleased.

"It may not be amiss to elucidate these general reflexions by some particular instances:

"In Denmark the possessions of married people compose one common fund between them; of which it is not in their power to make any other partition, either among themselves, or their children, than that ordained by the law. Conjugal affection is indeed to be encouraged and respected, as to allow a

husband to behave with generosity to his wife, either by presenting her with a genteel sum of money, by way of nuptial gift; or by subsequent donations. But his generosity is bounded by the law, and cannot exceed a stated proportion; and even this is not allowable, till all debts and incumbrances on his estate are entirely cleared.

"In conformity to this principle of the community of possessions in the married state, whoever survives inherits the half during life. The other goes to their children. Out of their share, nevertheless, a certain proportion is deducted, which devolves to the surviving parent. The intent of this diminution of their inheritance, is very wise and considerate; it becomes a security to the children for the attachment of their parent, who forfeits it to them, on contracting another marriage.

"Married persons without issue, having no ties to restrain their reciprocal partiality, are allowed to indulge it in a very extensive degree. They may settle the whole of their estate on each other, during the survivorship of either; and are even permitted to bequeath the one half of it to each other, and their respective heirs for ever.

"In case of no issue, widowers and widows are also allowed to give away the half of their inheritance according to their own discretion; and the whole of it, if they please, in pious and charitable legacies; so favourable is the Danish law to a spirit of piety and munificence.

"When there is a considerable disproportion in the separate fortunes of individuals, on their engaging in wedlock, the legislature permits, on their having no children; that, besides the usual portion decreed by the law, a fourth part of the original estate of the richest devolve to the other party, on the demise of the former. This practice never fails to take place, where people have lived in love and union; and is indeed looked upon as an honourable testimony of the departed in favour of the survivor.

"The sentence of the law is decisive in the distribution of estates among children; and no deviations of any sort are countenanced; they inherit the fortune of both parents. The only advantage enjoyed by the males, is, that the share of a son is double to that of a daughter, and that such manors as have any peculiar privileges annexed to them, are assigned to the former. A preference which carries with it no injustice; as the maxim, that "uxor fulgit radiis mariti," a wife receives dignity from her husband, prevails in Denmark, as in all other countries.

"The death of a child, previous to that of a parent, makes no alteration in the manner of succession to the fortune of the latter; the grand-children claim the share of their parents, as being his representatives; and in case of their own decease, the same right devolves to their posterity.

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" On the other hand, children who die without issue, are succeeded by their father, who enters alone into the possession of what they leave. The reason of paying this compliment to the male sex, is, that it should always be supposed the education and qualifications of children are owing to the care and solicitude of the father; whose knowledge of the world enables him to train them up to business and industry; and who is, at the same time, considered as the fittest administrator of a fortune, which, in fact, reverts to his other children.

" But if the father be dead, the mother, together with the brothers and sisters of the deceased, inherit in equal proportions; not forgetting the representatives of the latter, in case of death, and their descendants.

" Such is the general spirit of succession to estates in Denmark. The only exceptions are in favour of such families as possess great property in lands, and immoveable estates. All owners of land are permitted to leave a double share to one of their children; and they whose possessions amount to a certain fixed value, have the privilege, provided all debts, incumbrances, demands, and pretensions to them are discharged, to make such a settlement of them as they think proper. This, no doubt, is a wide deviation from the general tenor of the law; but then we should reflect, that Denmark contains even now a pretty numerous body of nobility and gentry, who have enjoyed this right from time immemorial; whom the court is not willing to offend, by stripping them of all their immunities; and whom, indeed, according to the ideas prevalent in all European monarchies, it may well be understood to view in the light of necessary intermediaries between the crown and the people; and as the surest supporters of royalty, while they are allowed to partake of those honorary distinctions and benefits that remove them from the vulgar, and approach them nearer to the Sovereign."

Another instance of the benignity of the Danish laws, is the tenderness shewn to the innocent offspring of illicit connections.

" The cries of nature are heard in Denmark; and the voice of compassion has pleaded so loudly and so successfully in favour of these tenderobjects, that the guilt of their parents only is remembered; and the unnatural prejudices which consign them, as it were, to neglect, and consider them as outcasts of the community, give way to milder sentiments.

" Natural children, when publicly acknowledged, according to the forms prescribed in such cases, are, by the Danish law, received and reputed as legal members of a family, and claim a share in the fortunes of their father, in conjunction with his other children born in lawful wedlock.

" But in the mean time, that no encouragement may be given to debauchery and licentiousness of living, and in order to lay as

much restraint on the disorderly inclinations and passions of men, as is consistent with humanity, illegitimacy of birth deprives individuals of a portion equal to that of a lawful child. They are entitled to half only. Thus mercy is tempered with justice, and a due reverence is preferred for the majority of the laws.

" But this penalty is dispensed with if their father has no lawful issue. They are then entitled to inherit in the same manner, as if they were legitimate.

" The benignity of the law is still greater in respect of the natural ties that subsist between a mother and her child. The unlawfulness of the connection she has indulged, cannot be supposed to make any difference in the affection she feels for a progeny she blushes to own; and ought, indeed, to render it the dearer on that very account; as the less she dares claim the public assistance and countenance of her friends, in its favour, the more it is incumbent on her to exert herself in its behalf. Swayed by this consideration, and by the certainty, that, whatever doubts her character may occasion concerning the reality of the father, till she is the indubitable mother; convinced, at the same time, that the welfare of illegitimate issue is, in general, chiefly to be derived from the care and solicitude of those who bore them, the Danish law allows maternal tenderness its full scope, and places them on the same level as their mother's legitimate offspring, with whom they claim an equal right of full inheritance.

" This regulation, strange as it may seem to nations that may pretend to a far superior degree of politeness and refinement than what is found in Denmark, is undoubtedly attended with the happiest consequences to society."

7. *Infancy; a poem. Book the Fifth. By Hugh Dunman, M. D. 11.*

THIS little poem relates to the management of Children; and the author writes as a judicious physician, a good poet, and an excellent moralist; for his medical directions, and poetical talents, seem to be all devoted to the service of humanity and virtue: We therefore recommend the following to the serious perusal of the ladies:

HEALTH is the greatest blessing man receives
From bounteous Heaven, by her the smiling hours
Are wing'd with transport; she too gives the foul
Of firmness; without her the hand of toil
Would languid sink; the eye of reason fade,
To this then bend thy care, O parent Mind;
Array thy child in health; a nobler dress
Not gorgious majesty can boast; the thanks
Of future gratitude thou wilt receive,
More than if in his lap thou then shouldst pour,
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Profufely pour thy gold; or give him all
Thy herds, and bleating flocks, tho' thou-
ſands range [hills.
Thy ſpacious meads, or cloath thy ample
Would it then thy children bleſs? Attend
the call
Of beckoning Nature, follow where the leads,
Unering guide! No labyrinth is here;
No clue of Ariadne wilt thou need,
To Theseus given: Fair is her open path,
And ſtrong the steady light the throws a-
round,
Instinctive light, the forſt ſafeſt guide.

Thy child is born. See where the trea-
cherous nurſe,
Or the who'er Lucina's rights preſides,
Prepares the poifonous drench: Forewarn'd,
beware:
Within the fatal drug lurks death; by this
Thousands from yet untainted life retire,
Thousands of infant iſouls; yet, ſanctified
By cuſtom, other cauſes are aſſign'd,
And nature is accus'd of impious deeds
She ne'er committed. Nature will preferre
What'e'er the frames: Is physick needful then?
She has remark'd it well, and taught the
child

To ſeek its remedy: e'er yet the fun
Hath from its birth encircled half the ſphere,
It aks, plain as expressive ſigns can aſk,
The mother's breast: Without a moment's
paſue

Heaſt the mute voice of iñſiñt, and obey.
Know the firſt effluſ from each milky fount
Is nature's chymic mixture, which the at-
tempts

Of hanging art cannot ſupply, this flows
Gently deterſive, purifying, bland;
This each internal obſtacle removes,
And ſets in motion the young ſprings of life,
Hence too the mother is ſouc'e: The dreams,
Health giving to her infant, flow to her
Salubrious; otherwife conſin'd, or driven
Back on the blood, what hath the not to tear?
The raging fever, from the fatal caufe
Holding its name, obſtructions fierce, dire
pangs

Of torture, future cancers by the juice
Of boated hemlock not to be remov'd.

O Mother, (let me by that tenderneſſ name
Conjure thee) till purife the task begun;
Nor uulks urg'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
Some fated, ſome peculiär circumſtance,
By which thy health mayuffer, or thy child
Sick in difeaſe, or that the genial food
Too ſenſit flows, give to an Alien's care
Thy certain babe. O, if by choice thou doſt—
What ſhall I call thee? Woman? No,—
though fair

Thy face as one of the angelic choir, flne,
Though sweetneſſe iſeuſ pourtray'd in every
And minis which might become a Hebe, rife
At win, clipping thy rufy cheeks, tho' all
That's lovely, kind, attractive, elegant,
Dwell in thy outward ſhape, and catch the
Of gazing, rapture, all a bit ſecuit; [eye

The form of woman's thine; but not the
heart;
Dreſt in hypocriſy, and ſtudied guile,
This acket detects thee, ſhews thee to have loft
Each tender feeling, every geniſt grace,
And vice more humane, more finely drawn,
And ſet by yielding Nature in the breſt
Of female ſoſtneſſ, to have driven forth cheſe
By force, to have unfix'd thy mind, become
The ſeat of torpid dull iſtupidity,
Cold, and inſenſible to the warm touch
Of generous emotions, lock'd up cloſe
To shut out pity's entrance, who retreats
Repining from her heaven-deſtin'd ſeat,
Uſurp'd by cruelty, the worſt of fiends.

Hadit thou been treated thus, thou ne'er
perhaps

Hadit liv'd, in barbarouſly from thy fight
To ſend a child of thine. O unblown flow'r!
Soft bud of Spring! Planted in foreign foil
How wilt thou proſper! Bruiſh'd by other
winds

In a new clime; and fed by other dews
Than fituit thy nature! From a ſtranger hand
Ah, what can infancy expect, when the
Who bore thee in her womb ſo long, wholeſome
life,

Whoe foul thou diſt participate, negeleſs
Heridit in thee, and breaks the ſtrongeſt ſeal
Which Nature ſtamp'd in vain upon her heart.

O luckleſs babe, born in an evil hour,
Who ſhall with watchful eye thy thouſand
wants

Attend? Explore with care the laſten cauſe
Giving uneſteſſeſs? Thy flumbers guard?
And when awake, with nice ſedality
Obſerve thy every turn? A parent might,
A venal hireling cannot if he would:
Though willing to perfrom her duty well,
She feels not in her foul th' impulsive goad
Of iñſiñt, all the fond the fearful thoughts
Awakening: Say at length that habit's power
Can ſomething like maternal kindneſſe give,
Yet e'er that time may the poor nurſeſing die.

A Catalogue of New Publications, not noticed in our Review.

R EMARKS on the history of Scotland.
By Sir David Dalrymple, 3s. 6d.

A Treatife on Child-bed Fevers, and the
method of preventing them. To which are
prefixed, Two Diſſertations, the one on the
brain and nerves; the other on the sympathy
of the nerves, and of different kinds of iſi-
tability. By The. Kirkland, M. D. 7s.

Experiments and obſeruations on different
kinds of air. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D.
F. R. S. 5s.

A Speech intended to have been ſpoken on
the bill for altering the charters of the colony
of Maſſachusetts Bay. 1s.

A review of the prefent administration. 1s.

The Liberty of the Press confidered. 1s.

An Elegy on the approaching Iſiuation of

A pastoral ballad, in four parts: Admiration, Hope, Disappointment, Success. 1s.

The Depopulated Vale; a poem. 2s.

The Ides of June. A poem to the fair sex. 6d.

Perjury; a satire. By Geo. Wallis. 2s.

The Naval Review. A poem. Inscribed to the Right Hon. Sir Charles Saunders. By the Rev. Robert English. 2d edit. 1s. 6d.

Resignation; or, majesty in the dumps. An ode. Addressed to G. Colman, Esq. 1s.

The Druid's monument. A tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith. By the author of the Cave of Morar. 6d.

Poems on several occasions. By John Bennett, a journeyman shoemaker. 2s. 6d.

Peace. A poem. 1s.

The common English translation of the 45th psalm, carefully corrected according to the true meaning of the Hebrew original; with a paraphrase and notes. By Thomas Crane, 2d grammar master at Chester. 1s.

Observations on Dr. Williams's treatise on the gout. By Mr. Daniel Smith. 1s.

An excursion to the lakes in Westmoreland and Cumberland. 3s. 6d.

The French teacher's assistant; or, a new and easy method to learn children to spell, read, and speak French with propriety and elegance. By Nicholas Salomon. 1s. 6d.

The evidence in the trial between the Earl of Sandwich, and John Miller, before Lord Mansfield, and a special jury, in the court of King's-Bench, July 8, 1773. 1s.

The Man of Sorrows. 2s.

Catulli, Tibulli, Propertii Opera. 3s.

The martyrdom of Ignatius; a tragedy. Written in the year 1740. By the late John Gambold, minister of Stanton-Harcourt, Oxfordshire. To which is prefixed, the life of Ignatius. 2s.

The two English gentlemen; or, the sham funeral. A comedy. By J. Stewart. 1s. 6d.

A short view of the history of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, with respect to their charter and constitution. By Israel Mauduit. The second edition. With the original charter granted to that province. 1s. 6d.

Answer to considerations on certain political transactions of South Carolina. 2s.

A Plan to reconcile Great-Britain and her Colonies. 1s.

Additional Preface to a pamphlet, entitled, An appeal to the public, on the subject of the national debt; containing observations on the present state of the kingdom, with respect to its trade, debts, taxes, and paper credit. 6d.

A Discussion of some important and uncertain points in Chronology, in a series of letters addressed to the Rev. Dr. Blair, prebendary of Westminster. By J. Kennedy. 1s.

Four introductory lectures in Natural Philosophy. 2s.

A Treatise of Maritime Surveying, in two parts. By Murdoch Mackenzie, sen. 6s.

A collection of Letters and Essays in favour of public liberty, first published in the news-papers, in the years 1764, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, and 1770. 3 vols. 9s.

Two chapters of the last book of Chronicles; six letters to the good people of England; and several other pieces, relative to the dispute between Englishmen in Europe and in America. By an Old English Merchant. 1s.

The report of the Lords Committees, appointed by the House of Lords to enquire into the several proceedings in the colony of Massachusetts Bay; and also what passed in this House relative thereto, from the 1st day of January, 1764. 2s.

The substance of the evidence delivered to a Committee of the Hon. House of Commons by the merchants and traders of London, concerned in the trade to Germany and Holland, and of the dealers in foreign linens, as summed up by Mr. Glover. 1s. 6d.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Frederick Lord North. 1s.

Religious Intolerance no part of the general plan either of the Mosaic or Christian dispensation. Proved by scriptural inferences and deductions. On a plan entirely new. By Jof. Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester. 1s.

A brief and dispassionate view of the difficulties attending the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian systems. By Jof. Tucker, D. D. 3d.

Reflections on the law of arrests in civil actions; wherein is particularly considered the case of Lieut. Gen. Ganfie. 1s.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The fashionable DRESS for JULY, as established at St. James's and Bath.

THE LADIES have made little Variation in their Dres from that given in our Miscellany for June.—In FEES Dresse, they wear Chintz or Irish work'd Muffin Negligees, lin'd with colour'd Silk, trimm'd with Mignonette or Gauze, ornamented with Tassels and Flowers to match the Linings.—Silks as given in the Dres for June.—The Hair dressed far back at the Top, with drop Curls at the sides, and not so low behind as for some Time past.—Lappets in Fancy, with Pearl Pins and Flowers;—small drop Ear-rings;—Ruffs for the Neck;—colour'd Shoes, with white Heels and Straps, and small Rose Buckles.

The Gentle Under-dress.—Slight Lefesiring French Jackets, with Hoops, and tight Sleeves, four Flairs at the Bottom of the Waist, close Back, and no Flairs;—the Coat and Jacket trimm'd with Gauze and Ribbons.—Chap Hats or Calashes.

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FLOWERS

Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



Truth and Falsehood.

FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
TRUTH and FALSHOOD. A Fable.

[With an elegant ENGRAVING.]

SOON as the iron age on earth began,
And vice found easy entrance into man,
Forth from her cave *internal Falshood* came,
Falshood, the hate of gods, of men the flame:
A silken robe the wore of various hue,
Its colour changing with each different view:
Studiois to cheat, and eager to beguile,
She mimick'd Truth, and ap'd her heav'nly
smile;

But mimick'd Truth in vain; the varying vest,
To ev'ry searching eye the fiend confieth.
At length the few celestial Truth appear;
Serene her brow, and cheerful was her air;
Her silver locks with shining fillets bound,
With laurel wreaths her peaceful temples
crown'd;

A lily robe was girded round her waist,
And o'er her arms a radiant mantle cast;
With decent negligence it hung behind,
And loofly flowing wanton'd in the wind.
Thus Truth advanc'd, unknowing of deceit,
And Falshood, bowing low, began the cheat:

"Hail, charming maid, bright as the morn-
ing star,
Daughter of Jove, and heav'n's peculiar care!
Tis thine to weigh the world in equal scales,
And chide the conscious foul when vice pre-
vails;

Dispensing justice with impartial hand,
The mightiest powers submit to thy com-
mand:

[free,
E'en gods themselves, tho' in their actions
Confut, resolve, and act as you decrees.
Great fov'reign Jove, the first ethereal name,
Advis'd with thee to form the heav'nly frame:
As Truth approv'd he bade the fabric rise,
And spread the azure mantle of the skies;
Plac'd every planet in its proper sphere,
Nor rolls this orb too wide, nor that too near.
But why thus walk we, mimicks of our eafe,
Expos'd beneath the fun's meridian blaze?
Retire, and shun the searching ray,
Till fanning zephyrs cool our ev'ning way.
Hear how yon limpid brook runs murmur'ring
by,

And tuncful birds their sylvan notes apply;
See fragrant shrubs along the borders grow,
And waving shades beneath the poplar bough:
All these invite us to the river's tide,
To bathe our limbs, and sport within the tide;
So cool the stream, the flow'ry bank so sweet,
Diana's self might covet the retreat:
Nor can a short diversion check your haste;
Fresh strength will soon succed such welcome
rest:

As rapid currents held awhile at bay,
With swifter force pursue their liqui' way."

So spake the Phantom, and, with friendly
look, [brook:
Supporting what she said, approach'd the
Truth follow'd artless, unfrivolous maid;
And in an evil hour the voice obey'd.
Both at the chrysal stream arriv'd, unbound
Their different robes, both cast them to the
ground;

The Fiend upon the margin ling'ring stood;
The naked Goddess leap'd into the flood:
Sporting, she swims the liquid surface o'er,
Unmindful of the matchless robe she wore.
Not Falshood so—she hasty feiz'd the vest,
And with the beauteous spoils herself the
drest;

[wind;
Then, wing'd with joy, out-flew the twiftest
Her own infernal robe she left behind.
Strait the aspires above her former state,
And gains admittance to the rich and great:
Nay, such her daring pride, that some report,
When thus equipp'd she boldly went to court;
There spake and look'd with such a graceful
air,

Mistaken Fame pronoun'd her wise and fair.
She fill'd the wanton's tongue with specious
names, [names;
To deal in wounds, and deaths, in-darts and
She prefac'd all her lewd attempts with love,
And Fraud prevail'd where Reason could not
move.

At length she mingled with a learned throng,
And tun'd the Mufe's mercenary song.
In all the labyrinths of logic skill'd,
She taught the subtle reas'ner not to yield;
Instructed how to puzzle each dispute,
And boldly baffle men, tho' not confute.
Now, at a bar, she play'd the lawyer's part,
And shap'd out right and wrong by rules of
art.

Now, in the senate, rais'd her pompous tone,
Talk'd much of public good, but meant her
own.

Oft to the Olympian field she turn'd her eyes,
And taught the racers how to gain the prize.
In schools and temples too the claim'd a
share, [there.
While Falshood's self admir'd her influence

Deluded Truth observ'd the fraud too late,
Nor knew she to repair a los's so great:
In vain her heav'nly robes she fighting feels;
In vain the humid pearls bedew her cheeks;
In vain the tears the laurel from her hair,
While Nature seems to sympathize her care:
The glowing flow'rs that crown th' enameled
meads, [ing heads,
Weep fragrant dews, and hang their droop
The

The sylvan choirs, as conscious of her pains,
Deplore her loss in melancholy strains.
Thus, penive, and uncloath'd, upon the
shore, [wore:
She stands, and sees the robe which Falshood
Detested figh! Nor longer now the mourns,
But grief to rage transform'd, with anger
burns;
Into the stream the hellish robe she cast,
And scorn'd a habit so unlike the lost.
Hence Truth now naked roves, as in dis-
grace,
None but the wife and virtuous see her face:
From cities far the modestly retreats,
From busy scenes of life to peaceful seats;
Is chiefly found in lonely fields and cells,
Where silence reigns, and contemplation
dwells.
Hence Falshood cheats us in the fair disguise,
And seems Truth's self to all unwary eyes;
Triumphs and thrives in pow'r, and wealth,
and fame,
And builds her glory on her rival's name:
With safety dares to flatter, fawn, and foot,
For who knows Falshood when array'd like
Truth?

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

To an O L D L A D Y,

Very much afraid of the SMALL-POX.

WORN down with age, oppres'd with
years,
Dame C***** the Small-pox fears.
Such groundie's fears why cherish?
Avails it aught, I prithee say,
By what mischance we're swapt away,
By what disease we perish!
Hence then with all this childish dread,
By Folly nurs'd, by Fancy bred;—
To all the time's allotted:
E'en wilily place in hew'n your trust,
Nor heed, when mixing with the dust,
Whether your Face be SPOTTED.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

The following STANZAS were made
in the Praise of Miss — — —.

A DIEU, ye streams that sinuously flow,
Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring array'd,
Ye birds that warble thro' the shade,
Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor leave one sigh;
But forc'd from Celia's charms to part,
All joy deferts my drooping heart,
O! fairer than the rosy morn,
When flowers the dewy fields adorn;
Unfull'd as the genial ray,
That warms the balmy breeze of May;
Thy charms divinely bright appear,
And add new splendor to the year;
Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.
To MIRA, on her desiring me to try the Influence
of BRIDE-CAKE.

A H Mira! would you then revive
Within my befor anxious care;
Bid hope awhile in fancy live,
To plunge me deeper in despair?
Fondly I once within your eye
Saw love in every motion play;
Reign'd my heart without a sigh,
And thought your flame could ne'er decay.
Too soon, alas! the vision's lost,
The airy phantom mocks my figh;
On love's tumultuous ocean tost,
I long to sink in shades of night.
Yet e'er I go, this wish receive,
This, all an hopeless lover can;
O may you never know to grieve,
But long enjoy the happy man.
May ye thro' life together go,
In mutual love, in mutual joy;
Then drop the curtain here below,
And rise to bliss which ne'er can cloy.

STREPHON.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A N E W SONG;

*Written by a LADY, on leaving the Town for the
Summer Season.*

WELCOME fun, and southerm show'rs,
Harbingers of buds and flow'rs;
Welcome grots and cooling shades,
Farewell balls and masquerades.
Blooming May approaches near,
Lowing of the herds we hear;
Fatling lambs around us bleat,
Dafties spring beneath their feet;
Birds are pirc'd on every spray,
Warbling notes to praise the day;
Thoufind herbs their fragrance yeld,
Cowslips cover all the field.

Sure 'tis time that now we flee,
London! from thy smoke and thee;
Welcome joys more pure and true,
Drums, and routs, adieu! adieu!

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

E L E G I A C B A L L A D.

THO' Nancy, unfortunate fair,
Affests to be calm by degrees;
Yet, O! do her actions declare,
That her bosom's one moment at ease?
To the winds will the mourner complain,
Or seek out some forewful shade;
And eternally talk of the swain,
By whom she was basely betray'd.
From a night lost to sleep does the rise,
With a breast only fraught with her fears;
And the fun never breaks on her eyes,
But to see them dissolved in tears.

WHAT

What comfort, alas! can she find,
For the wound she is doom'd to endure;
When her grief's the disease of the mind,
Which no arguments ever can cure.
Her woes the fond wretch may relate,
Whom so fatal a flame can enslave;
Yet find no physician but Fate,
And no other relief but the Grave.

VERSES on the *Nuptials of the Duke of Devonshire, with Lady GEORGINA SPENCER.*

WHERE now are all your numbers
pour'd along, [song?]
Ye sacred Nine! where rais'd your joyous
Where now do all your vot'ries swell the lay,
T' immortalise this welcome, glorious day?
This day, that gives to noble William's breast
His lov'd Georgina; this that makes her blest.
No matter where, the tidings all perute,
(Fame holds them high) and ev'ry heart's
a wife,
Each heart rejoic'd, its tribute onward brings;
Ea' heart rejoic'd, congratulating sing.
Elect'd pair! for whom propitious Hymen
wore

His softest band with tenderness and love:
Bie'st pair! on whom confenting Graces pour
Their loveliest attributes, their fairest store.
Whom all the Loves and all the Virtues fire,
Whom mutual honour, mutual flame inspire.
O! may the foul-drawn upgon lasting prove,
And time increase (if more it can) thy love,
May days revolving bring thee new delights,
And crowding joys fill all thy circling nights.
Soon may a similing offspring grace thy side,
Thy mutual comfort, and thy country's pride.
In blooming sweetnes may they rise, and shew
The mother's soft, the father's patriot glow:
May till, O Cavendish, the loudest fame
And latest time bear high thy honour'd name.

To *Lady BETTY HAMILTON, on her Marriage with Lord STANLEY.*

SWEET Lady Betty, pride of Scotia's land,
Fortune and love go rarely hand in hand;
Had inclination reign'd, and not your Mater,
A Lord you h'd wed—without a *fête champêtre*.
It is not sculls, pomp, baubles, stars & strings,
The gifts of fortune, and the pride of kings,
Which give a relish to the human heart,
Or turn or fix love's genuine virtuous dart.
Not all the gaudy baubles of the East,
The lordly jewels, and the royal feast,
Can please your soul, or charm your longing
Like love, a hut, and sweet simplicity. Eye,
Live, Lady Betty, live! The Gods will send
A comfort! Virtue never wants a friend.
* *The Duchess.*

F A V O U R I T E S O N G S
Sung at the *Fête Champêtre.*

SONG, by Mrs. BARTHELEMON.

SWEET Nightingale, queen of the spray,
Whose note is disturb'd by our song,

MISCELL. VOL. II.

Ah! stretch not thy pinions away,
Alarm'd at the numerous throng,
But try thy sweet warble again,
And challenge thy hearers so fine,
Tho' the Muses attend on their train,
To make such a concert as thine.

DUETTO, by a Shepherd and a Shepherdess.

She. Shepherd, why so lost in gazing?

He. These are maids of high degree;

Ill baffle their arts of pleasing,

If they steal thy thoughts from me;

He. Yes, my fair one, here are faces

Which might make the proudest yield;

But against their danc'rous graces

Confancy shall hold the field.

She. These fine youths are slaves to fashion,

Soon they loath what they pursue;

He. Ill they know the bliss of passion;

To be happy, I'll be true.

She. I'm contented one possessing;

He. One to me is ever new;

Both. Learn, fair strangers, learn the blessing;

To be happy, we are true.

V A N D E V I L L E.

Ye fine-fangled folks, who from cities and
courts,

By your presence enliven the fields,

Accept for your welcome our innocent sports,

And the fruits that our industry yields,

No temples we raise to the idol of Wealth,

No altar to Vanity smokes;

We ask but of Fortune kind seasons and health,

To prepare for the feast of the Oaks.

From the plain and the thicket, each usual
haunt,

The villagers hasten away;

Your encouraging smile is the bounty they

want

To compensate the toils of the day.

The milk-maid abandons her pail & her cow,

In the furrow the plowman unyokes;

From the meadow and valley all prigs to the

brow,

To assit at the feast of the Oaks.

Here each youth to his cottage contentment

endears;

Our girls have not learn'd to beguile;

Good humour resists the encroachment of

years,

And age is still deck'd with a smile.

No serpent approaches with venomous tooth,

No raven with ominous croaks,

No rancorous flander, more fatal than both,

Shall be found at the feast of the Oaks.

See the star of the evening in radiance display'd,

To labour—sweet sign of relief!

'Tis our favorite planet,—it rules o'er the

shade,

And governs the heart of our chief;

Oh! Venus, propitious, attend to his vow,

Thy grace from his soul he invokes;

With a garland of victory circle his brow,

And joy to the Lord of the Oaks!

COPY of a WILL, written in Verse, and entered in the Commons in 1737.

THE fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to my not inclin'd,
But of vigorous' mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave,
On this side the graye,
To some one or other,
And I think to my brother,
Because I forefaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Wou'd come in for their share,
Which I no wife intended,
Till their manners are mended,
And of that, God knows, there's no sign;
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
As witness my hand,
That nought I have got
Shall go into hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold,
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother

JOHN HEDGES.

The testator died in 1737. This extraordinary will passed a very considerable personal estate; and may be seen verbatim as above, in the register at the Prerogative-office; where it appears, that administration with the will annexed was granted to Paul Whichcote, Esq; and another person.

ON EARLY RISING.

[Supposed to be written in Autumn.]

Nimis hoc affidui? Jam clarum mane fensibus
Inrat, & angustas extendit lumine rimas.

Perf. Sat. 3.

A WAKE, Amander! see the beauteous
morn, [horn.
And hear the huntsman blow the swelling
blush to be found on feathers laid sypine,
While orient sun-beams thro' the window
shine!

Amander, wake! and seize the prime of day;
Nor lose the gifts of nature by delay.
Pregnant of future bane, delay confuses
What'er in life with fairest prospect blooms:
She steals from man the momentary prize;
No colours paint it, and no treasure buys.
Amander, wake! what num'rous souls are
dead,

Since Phœbus hasten'd to his wat'ry bed?
Were ghosts departed call'd from realms below,
How would they snatch the moments as they
flow?

Oh wake, Amander! Nature calls aloud:
Her busy offspring into action crowd.
The faithful cock, with crest and voice crest,
The watchful dogs, who sleeping domes pro-
tect,

The cattle lowing round the farmer's gate,
The bleating flocks, confin'd in narrow state,
The rural songsters, plum'd with various dyes,
Raising their notes in rapture to the skies—
All yield instruction to the faggard man,
And one great truth in different measures seen,
Tho' mean the teachers, —yet the moral good,
Or taught in plains, or echoed from the wood.
Behold that orb of light, in splendor roll'd,
Glazing the East with rays of burnish'd gold,
Not sleeping there;—that massy globe of fire,
Nor dares to halt, nor ever knew to tire.
But why that lamp ordain'd—ordain'd so
bright,

Why pour so early the revolving light,
Why thus invade the mansion mortals raise,
And pierce the curtains with a dazzling blaze,
If man, by licence, innocently inores,
A lawful spendthrift of his Maker's stores?
Rouse, rouse, Amander! every solar ray
Engraves a satire on thy long delay.
The night for slumber, Nature, kind, intends;
Grateful of that, pervert not Nature's ends:
Whoe'er perverts will soon or late repent
Her system thwarted, and a life mis-spent.

Behold the fields, in verdure fresh and gay!
The fairy scenes allure thy steps away.
No scorching heat has yet opprest'd the
ground;

But dewy coldness breathes her spices round:
The fanning zephyrs dance along the trees;
And every woodland hails the morning breeze,
Ten thousand dew-drops twinkle in the grafs,
While every sheepherd sports it with his lass:
Sweet love and innocence are here combin'd,
And perfect Nature opens to the mind,
Then flee confinement;—to the fields repair,
And taste with swains the pleasures of the air,
Delightful hours! to view the reaping train,
Immers'd in corn, collect the ripen'd grain
Part use the sickle, part anoints the sheaves;
Some glean the relics; earth with harvest
heaves.

Once more, I found the trumpet in thy ear:
Amander, wake! the voice of Health is here,
Health, blooming Goddess, loves the matin
hour,

On early votaries her gifts to pour.
Then haitie to worship, at her morning shrine,
With du libations, and the rights divine.
In open lawns, gay woods, or flow'ry mead,
Walk forth ferene, or mount the fiery steed.
No smoaky clouds their winding sheets con-
dense,
Or show'rs of death or poison'd man dispense;
Nocturnal salts enrich the balmy soil;
The nerves are brai'd, and fit for manly toil.
The crimson current rolls along the veins,
And ev'ry limb elastic vigour gains.
Nor less the mind expands by early dawn;
From growing care, and vainer toys with-
drawn:

With

With rising larks, she mounts the airy clime,
And soars aloft on vent'rous wing, sublime :
Her pow'rs ennobl'd, and her will refin'd,
To highest deeds, and purest thoughts inclin'd.

But noxious vapours, bred by morning sleep,
O'er all the brain in cumb'rous armies creep :
Unstring the nerves, contaminate the whole,
And damp the ardours of the prison'd soul.

I ask, Amander, what to live avails ?
Is flumer living, weigh'd in Reason's scales ?
Or time so ling'ring, so diffuse the span,
That active hours are enemies to man ?
Go, ask thy Conscience, then explore thy
Creed !

A future Judgment is in both decreed.—
Thy Conscience scife, and thy Creed destroy :—
Sceptic, for once, a future state deny :—
Ambition's pride may teach thee soon to rise ;
So Newton's glory reach'd the distant skies,
But sleeping drones, in vain, prefer their claim
To laurel'd honours of immortal fame.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

The BRAES of BALLANDINE.

A favourite Scotch SONG.

BENEATH a green shade a lovely young
Swain,
One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain.
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the foun-
tains to flow ;
Rude winds with compassion could hear him
complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.
How happy (he cried) my moments once
flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd to my
view !
Those eyes then with pleasure the dawn could
survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful
than they !
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light !
Thro' changes in vain relief I pursue ;
All, all but confire my griefs to renew.
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we re-
pair,
To funshine we fly from too piercing an air ;
But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.
But see the pale moon all clouded retire !
The breezes grow cool--not Strophon's desire.
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the maladies that preys on the
mind.
Ah, wretch, how can life be worthy thy
care ?
To lengthen its moments but lengthens de-
spair !

[*London Mag.*]

SONG by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Intended to have been sung in the Character
of Miss Harcastle,* in *Six Weeks to conquer*.

AH me ! when shall I marry me ?
Lovets are plenty, but fail to relieve
He, fond youth, that could carry me, [me.
Offers to love, but means to deceive me,
But I will rally and combat the ruiner :
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion
discover.

She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, loses a lover.

* Mrs. Bulkley (who play'd the part) does not sing.

On the PURSUIT after GOLD.

TIS Gold, the bane of man, that shining
ore,
That fills him with disquietude and care,
Makes him in actions speak himself the knave,
To purchase what ? A gilded bait for fools,
Ambition's votaries, compar'd to those,
Who make the love of Gold their only good,
Are few indeed. This love's contagion,
That infects all from Princes to the Clown,
What means this bustle ? Why this anxious
That fits predominant on every brow ? Care,
'Tis after Gold, the God of fallen man,
To purchase this the monarch shifts the scene
And plays the tyrant ; for this the statesman
falls

His friends or country to enrich himself ;
The Judge, when smil'd a fee, or int'rest
bribes,
Will honourably acquit, tho' justice calls ;
The Doctor next, whose soul with avarice
burns,
Will keep his patient ling'ring in a state
Of wretchedness, or send him to the shades
Of gloomy Tartarus, months before his time ;
For this the Priest, the shepherd of the flock,
Will play the ravenous wolf, and fleece his
sheep.

The Lover sighs to obtain his mistress' wealth,
And with his feigned arts of flattery
Deceives and captivates the lovely fair ;
For this the Female Wretch, devoid of
thought,

To prostitution gives herself and honour ;
The Thief, adventurous, to obtain this pelf,
Will rob and murder, though his life's the
forfeitz ;

The Soldier, son of Mars, inspir'd by this,
With fortitude will meet the coming foe,
Nor shrinks at danger for the golden prize ;
The Poet feels its force, and gives his lyrs
To varnish crimes. Thus prostitutes his song,
The truth is clear, nor can admit dispute,
That Avarice is the fiend that damns a man ;
And shall this avarice reign in Britain's fons ?
Shall souls immortal make no other choice ?
For shame exert yourselves ; let Reason guide,
Hark ! the divinity now calls within
To exalt. Purifie her dictates, then,
And nobly dare to act what she inspiris.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

A. Translation of PHILIPS's ODE,

To HENRY SAINT JOHN, Esq.

O Thou, who with benignant smile,
Bid'st me my every care beguile,
With taper tube and India's fragrant weed,
Whilst all to genial mirth combine,
The early wit, and generous wine,
Which milder chimes and warmer regions
breed.

How shall a bard with want opprest,
With thought of earthly blessings blest,
Thy favours great, a mighty debt, repay?
Assit my muse, the verse inspire,
Strike the sweetly-sounding lyre, [lay.
And swell with grateful thoughts the pleasing
Fain thro' realms remote I stray,
Where skilful Flaccus led the way,
Up-borne with well-plum'd pinions thro' the
With equal aid my foul would dare [sky;
To cut the earth encircling air,
And wing'd like him to distant worlds would
fly.

Whether in high exalted vein,
He boldly pour'd the manly strain,
Or trill'd to blithsome mirth the sprightlier
air;

When to indulge the social night,
The generous good Etruscan Knight
Would to his happy ruralfeat repair,

Tho' he to Bacchus strikes the string,
And much of juice nectarean sings,
Not nobler wines than your's the bard could
boast,

Tho' brought from Falern's funny hill,
Or where th' inviting clusters swell,
On far-fam'd Grecian Chios' sultry coast.

Not e'en Mecenas, name divine,
Was dearer to the tuneful Nine,
Nor more belov'd by all the learned race,
Than you, who, with benignant hand,
Leads Science to her honour'd stand,
In all her natural dignity and grace.

How does the thought my foul inspire,
How glows my grateful breast with fire,
To your illustrious name the verse to raise;
In happy daring flight to soar
To heights unknown by bards of yore,
Display your wondrous worth, and sing your
lefty praise.

But oh! a vain, an empty thought
Of ong to death's dark regions brought,
By sharpest pains and sad acuteit woe!
Ne'er from the fatal couch he'll rise,
Ne'er lift his funk, his languid eyes,
Nor the blest down of rosy health shall know;

Unless your friendly hand dispense
The sparkling wine's sweet influence,
Which can fresh vigour to the foul impart,
New ardours in the frame inspire,
Kindle a-new the latent fire,
Whist cancerous currents warn the trooping

ing heart.

Then when the genial tapers shine,
With me the social board shall join,
And to your health the amplest goblet drain;
Wishing that long your tend'rest part
With gentle smiles may sooth your heart,
Opprest with public cares for Anna's glorious reign.

Hail greatly blest! whose soul can move
To nuptial joys and softest love,
Fanny the young, the blooming, and the fair,
Whose snowy breast with ringlets spread,
Which loosely curl a-down her head,
Of Venus fill the boast, of every Grace the care.

What rapt'rous transports must you know,
For whom her softest wishes glow,
In close embrace to join the kindling kiss;
But me a hapless flame destroys,
Debar'd from love's exalted joys,
Denied the charming smile, and e'en the hope
of bliss.

The Molly, nymph that strikes my mind,
Still views her swain with look unkind,
Laid prostrate low with many a piteous sigh,
Yet ne'ertheless the virgin train
To wound my heart strive all in vain,
She is my only wish, for her alone I-die.

Tho' all endeavours fruitless prove
To warm the maid to mutual love,
Her image still disturbs my troubled breast;
Nor all that you bestow benign,
Tobacco bland, and generous wine,
Can sooth my foul and lull my cares to rest.

S. P.

An EPISTLE to Dr. PRIESTLEY,

In Imitation of
Horace's " Integer Vite," &c.

THE Man whose noble heart disdains
A Fordid education's chains,
And, free from Superstition's load,
Obays, and still enjoys his God,
Needs neither Pope's nor Bishop's Blessing
To fix that peace his heart's at rest in;
And aks Divinity alone

To teach him what to do, or shun.

Whether abroad the ample page
Of Public Life his thoughts engage;
Or Social Duties aks his care;
Or meagre want prefers its pray'r;
Or deep Distress with downcast eyes,
Or Guilt, as low in dust it lies,
Excite the pity of his breast;
Thro' all, with Heaven and Love possest,
He aks the part his God design'd,
And thews his image on his mind.

As late I took the ev'ning air,
And meditation sooth'd my care,
Hith'd were my griefs, and all was free,
To Love, to Liberty, and True;
A Bizot possest, whose every feature
Deserv'd the rancour of his nature,
A frowning, scowling, bitter creature,
His brow not gentle love could clear,
But dark *Arachne* sat there.

He

He look'd to Heav'n—but 'twas to see
His furious God that hated me;
Then turn'd precipitate away,
As if 'twas hel' itself to stay.
With one, who could not think that God
Delighted in his Creature's blood,
And had *detest* him thro' favour,
And *reprobated* me for ever!
A Bigot, sir!—but let him rest,
Wrapt in the gloom that suits him best;
And (as 'twill serve the point as well)
Figure him by a parallel.
Geneva, that with fire and faggot
Burnt poor Servetus for a maggot:
Paris, or Lisbon, or Madrid,
Where you and I should risque a head
Midst holy wars for holy bread,
Will furnish you with instances
Enough to let you know who 'tis.

But why for samples should I roam,
When we may find them nearer home?
And need not move one step beyond us,
To see poor Dismals in the jaundice:
That jaundice of Theology,
Which gives to objects its own dye;
And makes them think that God loves none
But those whom they have fix'd upon:—
Men who have squar'd their lives and notions
By Calvin's laws and *infusions*.

Place me amongst the sons of thunder,
Who roar to make the Vulgar wonder;
And stare, and stamp, and damn in nonsense,
To wake the Devil in the conscience.
Or those soft sons of consolation,
Who *wine* out tidings of salvation,
And lull their auditors asleep,
By telling them that Grace is cheap,
And may be had without much trouble,
For *Works* are all an empty bubble:
But *splendid joys* are best, to cover
A heart by nature foul all over.

Place me with men *ecclesiastic*,
Who to the church for living fast stick,
And think us fools who will not eat
The ready-cook'd and carved meat,
Which Queen Eliza, that She-Bishop,
Took so much pains to dress and dish up.

Place me with those who cover sin
In any of the *Brethren*,
But think damnation is the due
Of every fault in me or you.
Place me with Churchmen or Fanatics,
And the full flock of wild Erratics,
Whoſt fiery and eccentric fancies
Lead them religious morrice-dances.

With any or with all these fit me,
Tho' impudence and nonsense vex me,
Yet still I hope to keep my temper,
The Man—the Christian, *idem semper*—
Nor ever swerve from truth or love,
Nor in the Serpent lose the Dove;
Nor fear to fly to this or th' other.—
"I'm Dr. PAIESTLEY's Friend and Brother."

CHARISTIDES.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

Be content with thy Lot.

HOW truly bleſt that virtuous swain,
Who fees, unmov'd, the rich, the great,
Nor mourns his wayward partial fate;
Free from wild noise, and party strife,
He calmly treads the stage of life;
Contentment, balm of every care,
Still guards his soul from fell despair;
Within his breast he still can find,
Heav'n's noble gift—a peaceful mind!

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

E P I G R A M S.

TWO distant ranks of men, in knowledge
near
Each other stand—the Beggar and the Poor.
The first too mean to learn; 't other too great;
Both equi-distant from the proper state.
One cares for nothing but his daily mēs,
The other thinks of little but his dress;
Hence equally of paradox it smells,
Behold a Beggar reads, a Marquis spells!

WORTH should determine every man his due,
Whether a halter, or a ribband blue;
But Fortune steps between, and by her grope,
Blindly mistakes a ribband for a rope:
Hence filken bands we see the waift bedeck,
Instead of hempen ones around the neck.

SAYS Ap Shenkin to Morgan one day on the
green, [lean:
"Cot pleſs hur, dear honey! hur looks very
Has pale sickneſs oppreſt hur, or does hur
deſign
To get a ſmall ſhape, and to look very fine?"
"O, no,—by St. David!"—“me ſuſpect now
the matter, [ſoul water.]
Hur has been playing the fool in ſome very
“Cot ſplutter a nail! cries Morgan, with
heat, [nothing to eat.]
Hur is lean, you d---d dog,—'cauſe her has

To a very pretty LADY friend of PATCHES.
YOUNG Chloe, form'd by Nature's hap-
piest care,
With patches strives to ſhine more Killin' fairy;
But hold, bright nymph, nor dare to be ſo
ſimple, [a pimple.]
The beauſt may think each patch conceals

On the Banks and Paper Credits in Scotland.
TO tell us why banks thus in Scotland obtain,
Requires not the head of a *Newton* or *Napier*.
Without calculation, the matter's quite plain:
Where there's plenty of *rags*, you'll have
plenty of *paper*.

MARTIAL, Book XII. Ep. 30.
NED is a sober fellow, they pretend—
So woud I have my coachman, not my
friend.

Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn, Stocks, &c.

MARRIED.

THE Hon. Thomas Lyon, Esq; brother to Lord Strathmore, to Miss Wren, daughter of Farmer Wren, Esq; of Bincote in Durham.

At Dublin, Captain Lancelot Hill, to Miss Perry, sister to the Right Hon. Edmund Sexton Perry, speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland.

The Hon. John Beresford, to Miss Montgomery, daughter to Sir Wm. Montgomery, and sister to Vice-Countess Townshend.

Stephen Ram, Esq; a member in the Irish Parliament, to the Hon. Lady Charlotte Stopford, sister to the Earl of Courtown.

The Rev. Mr. Milton, vicar of Heckfield, Hants, to Miss Grefley, only daughter of Mr. Grefley, apothecary, of Bristol.

The Rev. Mr. Edwards, rector of Stamford Courtney in Devonshire, to Miss Jane Edwards, of York-street, Cavendish-square.

The Rev. Dr. Ford, vicar of Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, to Miss Sage, daughter to *** Sage, Esq; of Great Stanmore.

Henry Preston Blencowe, Esq; of Thobyll Hall, Essex, to Miss Barber, of Wandsworth.

Archibald Crawford, Esq; to Miss Kennedy, daughter of Mr. Robert Kennedy, merchant, in Liverpool.

The Rev. Mr. James, rector of Spetchley and Himbleton, in Worcestershire, to Miss Hurdman, of Kempsey.

John Dalton, Esq; of Thurnham in Leicestershire, to Miss Gage, daughter of Sir Thos. Gage, Bart.

Mr. Price, surgeon and apothecary, to Miss Alexander, daughter of Marlborough.

At Warrington, the Rev. Mr. Barhould, to Miss Anna Letitia Aikin.

Mr. Andrews, of Brentford, to Miss Bird, of Reading.

Mr. Turberville, surgeon, of Worcester, to Miss Carter, of the same place.

Mr. John Croft, wine-merchant, of York, to Miss Bacon, daughter of Mr. Ald. Bacon.

The Rev. Mr. Meadow, of Cocking in Sussex, to Miss Sally Marshall, of Havant, Hants.

At Edinburgh, Wm. Elphinstone, Esq; son of Lord Elphinstone, and Captain of a ship in the East India Company, to Miss Fullerton of Carrhares.

John Dallymple, Esq; merchant in Edinburgh, to Miss Anne Young Pringle, daughter of the deceased Walter Pringle, Esq; merchant in St. Christopher's.

Henry Little, Esq; of Bristol, merchant, to Miss Mercer, of Poland-street.

Philip Champion Crepinay, Esq; King's proctor, to Miss Clarissa Brooke, youngest daughter of James Brooke, Esq; of Rathbone-place.

Arthur Farwell, gent, town clerk of Totnes, to Miss Taylor, an agreeable young lady, with a fortune of 5000l.

At Chipping-cok, Mr. Bradenell, son of the late Dr. Exton, to Miss Elizabeth Bishop.

At Walcot church, Richard Newdigate, Esq; to Miss Christiana Wilson, daughter of Mr. Wilson, in Bath.

Robert Prothero Anderdon, Esq; of Henlade, Somerset, to Miss Callard, wife of the late James Callard, Esq; of Ford, near Axminster, Devon.

Mr. Thomas Gleed, mercer, of Reading, to Miss Round, of Phillis Court, near Henly.

Capt. Nicholas Bradley, of Newcastle, to Mrs. Van Tromp.

At Bruton, Caleb Davis, to Sarah Carrier.--- Their ages together make 139.

DIED.

His Serene Highness the Elector of Mentz, of a drop in his breast.

The Right Hon. Henry Fox, Lord Holland, Baron of Foxley, in Wilts, clerk of the pells in Ireland for life, and also for the lives of his two sons. His Lordship is succeeded in title and estate by his eldest son Stephen Fox, Esq; now Lord Holland, which vacates his seat in Parliament for Salisbury.

The very pious, exemplary, and learned prelate Zachary Pearce, D. D. Lord Bishop of Rochester, aged 84.

At Clifton, in her 9th year, Lady Williams, relief of Sir John Williams, Bart.

The Right Hon. Francis Andrews, provost of the University of Dublin, member of Parliament for Londonderry, and one of his Majesty's privy council in Ireland.

At Edinburgh, Lady Elliot, widow of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, Bart.

At Edgbaston, Sir Henry Gough, Bart.

Lady Goring, wife of Sir Harry Goring, of Highden in Sussex.

Sir Charles Towley, Knight, Garter Principal King at Arms.

The Right Hon. Lady Caroline Dewar.

At Charles-Town, in South Carolina, Faithful Adrian Fortescue, Esq; lieut. of his Majesty's ship Glasgow, on that station.

At Doncaster, Richard Kent, Esq; alderman, and late mayor of that corporation.

The Lady of Robert Ballard, Esq; one of the aldermen of Southampton.

At Prior's Court, Becks, Mrs. Barton, widow of the late Rev. Dr. Barton, canon of Christ-church, Oxon.

Mr. John Clarke, of Doctor's-Commons.

At Hemington Abbots, (Huntingdonshire) Mrs. Mary Dickens, aged 88 years, relief of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Dickens, 36 years rector of that place.

George Wingfield, Esq; of the Inner Temple.

At Bath, the Hon. Mrs. Wright, wife of Alexander Wright, Esq; and eldest daughter of John Lord Chedworth.

At Bath, Mrs. Gwyn, only daughter of the late General Fuller.

Aged 86, the Rev. Mr. Nicholas Tindall, the celebrated translator of Rapin's History of England.

The Rev. Thos. Gurney, minister of Whitstable and vicar of Sealwater, near Canterbury, and rector of Charlton near Dover.

At Borthby Overy in Leicestershire, the Rev. Mr. John Fairmer, formerly of Emanuel college, Cambridge.

The Rev. Benjamin Piddington, A. B. a minor canon in Hereford cathedral.

The Rev. Dr. Amory, minister of a dissenting meeting-house in the Old Jewry.

Of an apoplectic fit, after performing parsonal duty in the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. John Dering, rector of Hilgay in Norfolk.

The Rev. Mr. William Morgan, rector of Wanling in Berks.

The Rev. Mr. Baynon, minister of Wegmore, in Hertfordshire.

The Hon. John Nixon, Esq; one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature, in Jamaica.

At Newport, Wm. White, Esq; one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for Hants.

William Kelynge, Esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for Middlesex.

At Neath in Glamorganshire, aged 92, Mrs. Praiph, relief of the late David Praiph, Esq; and grand-daughter to the late Dr. Pocock.

At Paigetwell in Essex, Mrs. Martha Gibbons, a widow woman, aged 107: she was at church the morning before she died.

At Lewes in Sussex, Mrs. Taylor, widow, daughter of Dr. Moreton, formerly Bishop of Meath in Ireland, and half sister of Sir William Moreton.

At Turkdean, Gloucestershire, John Churchill Wicksted, Esq; a relation to Ld. Wenman. The Lady of Alexander Trapaud, Esq; Governor of Fort Augustus.

Mr. Samuel Bates, common council for Aldergate Within, upwards of 30 years.

Lieutenant Francis Moore, of the Hon. East-India Company's artillery in Calcutta.

Edward Cooke, Esq; of Sonninghill, formerly a captain in the East-India service.

Capt. Forrester, formerly a commander in the navy.

John Horfley, Esq; an officer in the train of artillery.

George Turnpenny Symes, Esq; of the third regiment of foot guards.

At Kew, Joshua Kirby, Esq; F. R. S. and A. S. a well known author in perspective. Suddenly, John Roberts, Esq; a gentleman of Gloucestershire.

Mr. Williams, in partnership with Messrs. Raymond and Vere, bankers, in London. Benjamin Hill, Esq; receiver-general for Northamptonshire.

Suddenly, Mrs. Whitchurch, wife of Mr. Whitchurch, mayor of Reading.

Mr. George Gandy, Wine-merchant, of Reading, Berks.

At Cork, William Busteed, Esq; alderman and water-bailiff of that city.

At Charing Cross, Mr. Guy, mathematical instrument maker.

By a fall from his horse, on Epping forest, Mr. Ingrove, distiller, near East Smithfield. At his feet in Hertfordshire, **** Chancellor, Esq; aged 70 years.

Mr. Vaughan, attorney, of Furnival's Inn. At Manchester, Mr. Brownell, attorney. Samuel Brooke, Esq; barrister at law, of the Inner Temple.

At Stubbington, near Portsmouth, George Ridge, Esq.

Mr. John Jones, wine-merchant, on Portsmouth Common.

Mr. Daniel Angus, at Esher in Surry, the famous strong man.

In the 102d year of his age, Mr. Harrop, weaver, in Spitalfields.

James Martindale, Esq; of Wraxall, Somerset. Mr. Richard Clarke, an eminent surgeon and apothecary, of Ansdorf, Somerset.

Mr. Davenport, head-porter at the Queen's palace.

At Asten in Shropshire, the Rev. Mr. Wm. Lloyd.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Edmund Gibon, son of the late Bishop of London, to the consolidated rectories of St. Bene't and St. Peter's, London, with the vicarage of Bishop's Stortford, Herts.

Rev. Robert Bathurst, M. A. to hold the rectory of West Tudden, together with the rectory of Broughton in Hants, worth upwards of 500l. per annum.

Rev. Mr. Dommett, of Ilchester, to the living of Hawkchurch, Dorset.

Rev. Mr. Arthur Onslow, to be chaplain to the House of Commons.

Rev. Mr. Birch, fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, to the vicarage of Albury, Berks.

Rev. James Weller, to the united rectories of St. Mary and St. Trinity in Guildford.

The Rev. Mr. Courtney, rector of Lee, near Blackheath in Kent, to the valuable living of St. George, Hanover-square.

Rev. Mr. Morgan, master of the grammar-school in Bath, to the rectory of Glaston, in Leicestershire.

Rev. John Sibley, M. A. to the rectory of Walcot, near Bath.

Rev. George Batton, B. A. to the vicarage of Wootton in Wilt.

Rev. Dr. Aphorpe, fellow of Eton college, to the rectory of Worplesdown in Surry.

Rev. John Marsden, M. A. to the rectory of Bolton Piercy in Yorkshire.

Rev. John Ravenhill, M. A. to the rectory of Strensham in Worcestershire.

Rev. David Jones, clerk, to the vicarage of Longhope in Gloucestershire.

Rev. John Pitman, clerk, A. M. to the rectory of Frertherne in Gloucestershire.

Rev. Mr. Davis, to the vicarage of Sutton Benger, Wilts.

Rev. Joseph Davie, A. M. to be fellow of Trinity college, Oxon, and Messrs. Griffin, Jones, and Smerdon, to be scholars.

Rev. Joseph Ferris, to the rectory of Crede in Devon.

Rev. John Bottock, to the vicarage of New-Windsor, Berks.

Rev. John Harrison, M. A. to hold the rectory of Faulkbourne, with the rectory of East Hanningfield in Essex.

James King, D. D. to a canonry or prebend in the collegiate church or free chapel of St. George in Windsor.

Richard Hennah, clerk, to the vicarage of St. Austell and St. Blazey in Cornwall.

Rev. Mr. Richard Drake, to the rectory of Little Farnham in Norfolk.

Rev. Robert Harding, to the rectory of Alderton in Northamptonshire.

Rev. Henry Watkins, M. A. to the vicarage of Conisbrough in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Evans, rector of Londenbrough, to the vicarage of Felixker near Thirsk.

Rev. Mr. Watson, master of a private boarding school in Bury St. Edmund's to the rectory or fine-cure of Llangwin, Denbighshire.

Robert Pye, D. D. rector of Whitburne in Durham, to a prebend of Rochester.

Rev. Mr. John Ord, to the consolidated rectories of Burgh St. Mary, and Burgh St. Margaret in Norfolk.

Rev. Mr. Walker, M. A. fellow of Orielcol, Oxon, to the living of Swainwick, Somerset.

Rev. Mr. Hornby, to the living of Dalton in Durham.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.
 His Grace the Duke of Grafton, to be comptroller of the Green Wax office, and receiver and comptroller of the Profits of the Seals in the King's Bench and Common Pleas, in the room of the late Duke of Cleveland.
 Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, D. L., his Majesty's prime sergeant, to the office of provost of Trinity college, Dublin.

Dr. Burney, and Mr. Saifon, to be musicians in ordinary to his Majesty.

Major Digby, of the 43rd regiment of foot, to succeed Lord Allen in the first regiment of foot guards, who retires.

Thomas Oliver, Esq; to be Lieutenant-governor of the Province of Maffaguacu Bay.

Thomas Baker, Esq; to be Attorney-general, and Afton Warner Byam, Esq; to be solicitor-general of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and Tobago islands.

Walter Robertson, Esq; to be chief justice of the island of Tobago.

Thomas Hinton Burleigh, Esq; to be sub secretary to the Council in Bengal.

4th reg. of dragoons, George Wentworth Thompson, gent. to be cornet.

11th reg. of dragoons, Cornet Carr Ibbetson, to be lieut. John Carnegie, gent. cornet.

15th reg. of light dragoons, Lewis Majendie, gent. to be cornet.

2d troop horse guards. John Tempest, adjutant and lieutenant. Thomas Alton, sub brigadier and cornet.

3d reg. foot guards, George Parker, ensign. Lieutenant-Col. John Leland, capt. Thomas Riddell, ensign.

Coldstream reg. of foot guards, Lieut. Colonel Wm. Schutz, Major Chapel Norton, to be capt. Capt. Thos. Bishop, capt. lieut. Ensign John Duroure, lieut. La Cantaloupe, ensign.

3d reg. foot, Edward Scott, lieut. Richard Weld, ensign.

6th reg. foot, Ensign Ed. Pole, to be adjutant.

7th reg. of foot, Lieut. James Wm. Badlie, to be captain. Ensign Colin Campbell, lieut.

13th reg. of foot, Ensign John Elkott, lieut.

18th reg. of foot, Wm. Slater, ensign. Charles Fox, ensign.

19th reg. foot, James McIntosh, Lieutenant.

20th reg. foot, John Malloroy, ensign.

30th reg. foot, James Lee, lieutenant. Joseph Peacock, ensign.

33d reg. of foot, Lieut. Leeds Booth, to be adjutant. Ensign Edward Williams, lieut.

Tho. Gape, ensign. John Carter, lieut.

36th reg. foot, Benj. Anderson, adjutant.

51st reg. of foot, Ensign George Don, to be lieut. Wm. Hepburn, to be ensign.

Royal American reg. ad battalon, Charles Southby, to be ensign.

6th reg. of foot, Ensign Wm. Snow, to be lieut. Denis Kelly, to be ensign.

65th reg. of foot, Lieut. Archibald Kinlech Gordon, captain. John Westropp, lieutenant. Robert Baynes, ensign.

66th reg. of foot, Ensign Charles Arbutnott, to be lieut. James Sinclair, to be ensign.

67th reg. foot, James Noblett, captain. Wm. Malley, captain-lieutenant. James Fleming, lieut. John Echlin, ensign.

Lieut. Edward Abbott, of the royal reg. of artillery, to be lieut. gov. of Fort Detroit.

George Watt, chaplain to the garrison of Dominica.

From the London Gazette, July 2.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From June 20, to June 25, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Beans,

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

London 5 11 | 3 6 | 3 4 | 2 3 | 3 6

COUNTIES IN LAND.

Middlesex 6 7 | 3 6 | 2 3 | 3 10

Surrey 6 7 | 4 0 | 2 9 | 2 5 | 4 5

Hertford 6 7 | 3 10 | 2 6 | 4 3

Bedford 6 5 | 4 6 | 2 5 | 3 11

Cambridge 5 11 | 3 3 | 2 3 | 2 1

Huntingdon 6 3 | 3 9 | 2 3 | 3 8

Northamp. 7 2 | 5 3 | 2 4 | 3 11

Rutland 7 3 | 4 9 | 2 4 | 4 0

Leicester 7 4 | 4 2 | 2 3 | 4 2

Nottingham 6 9 | 4 11 | 2 4 | 4 1

Derby 7 5 | 4 6 | 2 7 | 4 5

Stafford 7 6 | 5 0 | 4 7 | 2 9 | 4 7

Salop 7 4 | 5 10 | 4 3 | 2 7 | 5 3

Hereford 8 0 | 5 4 | 10 | 4 10 | 2 10 | 4 8

Worcester 7 5 | 4 10 | 4 10 | 2 10 | 4 11

Warwick 7 2 | 4 1 | 2 6 | 4 11

Glocester 7 2 | 3 9 | 2 5 | 4 7

Wiltshire 6 9 | 3 0 | 2 3 | 4 5

Berks 6 6 | 3 5 | 2 6 | 3 10

Oxford 7 1 | 3 8 | 2 7 | 4 9

Bucks 6 10 | 4 0 | 2 9 | 4 0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex 6 1 | 3 4 | 3 5 | 2 3 | 3 6

Suffolk 5 11 | 3 13 | 2 3 | 3 2

Norfolk 6 0 | 2 11 | 3 0 | 2 3

Lincol. 6 9 | 2 3 | 9 2 | 2 3

York 6 9 | 5 0 | 3 9 | 2 5 | 3 7

Durham 6 5 | 4 3 | 3 3 | 2 4 | 3 10

Northum. 6 0 | 4 2 | 3 2 | 2 4 | 3 7

Cumberland 6 9 | 4 5 | 7 2 | 2 7 | 4 1

Westmorel. 8 1 | 5 0 | 4 2 | 5 4 | 6

Lancashire 7 0 | 5 3 | 3 2 | 2 7 | 3 3

Cheshire 7 8 | 6 4 | 4 10 | 2 6

Monmouth 7 5 | 4 1 | 2 7 | 3

Somerset 6 10 | 5 4 | 2 3 | 3 11

Devon 5 9 | 5 0 | 1 7 | 3

Cornwall 5 6 | 5 0 | 1 8 | 3

Dorset 6 9 | 2 9 | 2 3 | 4 6

Hampshire 6 2 | 3 4 | 2 3 | 4 0

Suffex 6 10 | 2 10 | 2 3 | 3 8

Kent 6 0 | 3 9 | 2 3 | 3 3

From June 13, to June 18, 1774.

W A L E S.

North Wales 6 8 | 5 4 | 3 10 | 2 0 | 4 1

South Wales 6 5 | 5 3 | 3 10 | 2 0 | 3

PART of SCOTLAND.

Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Beans, Big;

5 9 | 4 4 | 2 11 | 2 4 | 3 0 | 2 7

Published by Authority of Parliament,

W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, June 6.

Bank stock, 14*£*. India ditto, —. South sea, —. Ditto Old Ann, —. Ditto New Ann, —. 3 per cent. Bank Ann, rea. 8*£* 4*£*.

Ditto Conf. 8*£* *£*. Ditto 1726, —. Ditto 1751, —. Ditto India Ann. 8*£* *£* 1-half

per cent. 1758, —. 4 per cent. conf. 9*£* *£*.

India Bonds, 45*£*. Navy and Vict. Bills, 1*£* *£* dif. Long Ann, —. Tickets, 1*£*. os. 6*d*.

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